



# Ljubljana

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»Vodič«, boste pomislili, bi moral biti nekdo, ki je dovolj poučen o mestu, da lahko po njem vodi tujca, mu predstavi mestne kraje in ljudi, pojasni lokalne navade in običaje ter prepreči, da bi koga užalil ali zašel v težave. Za kakšno rabo neki je vodič, ki ne pozna lokalnega jezika, čigar znanje o mestu je v najboljšem primeru le drugorazredno in razumevanje mesta samega še zdaleč ne prirojeno, instinktivno, pač pa vselej temelječe na primerjavi z drugimi kraji, ki jih zares temeljito pozna?

Sam ne bom nikdar razumel Ljubljane, kot jo lahko razume Slovenec. Ne obvladam njenega jezika; navsezadnje je prav jezik tisti, ki strukturira misel in boj za prevlado moči, skupaj pa sooblikujeta mesto in v njem zadobivata svoj izraz. Nikoli ne bom poznal njegovih *prostorskih* posebnosti, pač pa si jih bom moral vselej prevajati dobesedno, saj si prostore in oblike lahko prevedem le v stvari, ki jih poznam iz drugega konteksta. Zato nikakor ni moj namen svojih videnj mesta vsiliti kot edinih pravih, saj po kakovosti bistveno odstopajo od videnj nekoga, ki je pristi ni Ljubljančan.

Akt »prevajanja« med mesti, med mestom, ki ga poznaš, in tistim, ki ga ne, me spominja na situacioniste, ki so predlagali uporabo zemljevida nekega mesta, s pomočjo

A ‘guide’ to a city, you’d think, should be someone sufficiently well-informed to lead the stranger around, to introduce them to places and to people, to explain local customs and manners to them, and to help them to avoid causing unwitting offence, or getting into trouble. What use is a guide who doesn’t know the language, whose knowledge of the city is secondhand at best, and whose understanding of it is not innate, not instinctual, but always based on a comparison with those other places he genuinely knows?

I can never understand Ljubljana as a Slovene would. I don’t know the language; language structures thought, and language structures power struggles, and together, thought and power structure – are expressed in – the city. I’ll never get inside its idioms, its *spatial* idioms; I can only understand it in translation, literally – I can translate spaces and forms to things I know from another context. I don’t want to try and pass my insights off as the same as those of a Ljubljčan: they’re necessarily of a very different quality.

This act of ‘translation’ between cities, between a city you know and one you don’t, reminds me of the Situationists, who suggested using a map of one city to find your way around another. Their point was that all cities, as sites of economic production, require the same elements in

katerega si lahko pomagaš najti pot skozi drugo mesto. S tem so želeli povedati, da vsa mesta kot točke ekonomske produkcije terjajo enake prvine, da je njihova temeljna funkcija izpolnjena. Prvine mest v današnji »dobi preno-ve«, kjer je edino, kar se v urbanih prostorih proizvaja in reproducira, ideologija, se zelo razlikujejo od prvin mest, ki so jih poznali situacionisti v petdesetih in šestdesetih letih minulega stoletja. Splošno gledano, naj bi vsako sodobno mesto imelo svoje zgodovinsko mestno jedro, finančno središče, kulturno središče v bližini buržoaznega nakupovalnega središča, območje z osvetljenimi industrijskimi objekti razmeroma blizu mestnega središča, stanovanjska naselja za delavski razred nekoliko izven mesta, zapuščena



Onkraj gradbišča / Beyond Construction Site, 2010





Gradbišće / Construction Site, 2010

order to fulfil their basic function. For a city in this ‘age of regeneration’, when it is only ideology that is produced and reproduced in urban space, these elements would be rather different from those in the cities that the Situationists knew in the 1950s or ’60s; if we were to generalise, we could say that a contemporary city needs to include a historic city centre; a financial district; a cultural quarter, close to a bourgeois shopping district; an area with light industrial units, reasonably close to the centre; working-class residential areas, somewhat further out; former industrial areas, waiting to be regenerated; obsolete transport infrastructure; ring roads; suburbs sprawling into satellite towns; and out-of-town shopping centres. In fact, a map from another city may be more useful, more reliable than

industrijska območja, ki čakajo na prenovu, zastarelo transportno infrastrukturo, obvoznice, predmestja, ki se raztezajo v satelitska mesta, in navsezadnje nakupovalna središča na obrobju. Pravzaprav je lahko zemljevid nekega drugega mesta bolj uporaben in zanesljiv kot zemljevid mesta, v katerem trenutno si. Zemljevid specifičnega mesta lahko kmalu zastara, če ga jemljemo splošno, pa je lahko natančen vodnik tudi več desetletij, vse dokler produkcijski način ne doživi svoje periodične preobrazbe in vse dokler kapital ne prestrukturira novih opuščenih mestnih predelov.

Vendar pa zgolj napačen zemljevid ne zadošča, da bi zares spoznali bistvo samega mesta. Mesto 21. stoletja je nekoliko podobno njegovim renesančnim predhodnikom: danes je zavoljo golega preživetja prisiljeno konkurirati tako na regionalni kot globalni ravni ter mora poleg zaledja, kjer pobira davke, rekrutira vojsko in si zagotavlja oskrbo s hrano, poskrbeti tudi za prepoznavost svoje blagovne znamke. Danes velja za najbolj cenjeno tržno blago mesta prav njegova podoba, ki ima dvoje značilnosti: je niz asociacij, ki se lahko priključijo v spomin od daleč z imenom in s tržno kampanjo, in stvarno premoženje obenem – zastarela dediščina, posebna investicijska območja itn. –, kar vse mesto želi ponuditi turistom in vlagateljem. Prebiti se skozi mesto je lahko težavna naloga, odvisna predvsem od tega, kako učinkovito podobo ustvari o sebi. Nadvse težko se je prebiti skozi vso njegovo banalnost, videz, *uniformnost*. Navsezadnje je tudi »avtorska« arhitektura pravzaprav enaka, kot bomo videli v nadaljevanju.

Napačen zemljevid je potemtakem le izhodišče. Ne

one that says it's from the city you happen to be walking around; individually, maps can get out of date very quickly. Collectively, they remain accurate for decades, until the mode of production goes through another of its periodic shifts, and capital restructures the newly-redundant zones.

But the wrong map isn't enough, on its own, to penetrate the shell that the city constructs around itself. The 21st century city is a little like its renaissance forebears: forced to compete just to survive, not just regionally but globally now, and not these days for hinterlands from which to extract taxes and raise armies and expropriate food, but for simple brand recognition. The city's most prized commodity now is its image. That image is two-fold; it is both the set of associations that can be evoked remotely with a name and a marketing campaign, and the physical assets – the old-fashioned heritage sites, the special investment zones and so on – that it chooses to emphasise to tourists and investors. Depending on how efficiently a city constructs this image, it can be very difficult to find a way round or through it, through the banality, the respectability, the *uniformity*; even all that 'signature' architecture is essentially all the same, as we'll discover.

The wrong map is just a starting point, then. The idea is not simply to play a game of disorientation, anyway, or just to walk for the sake of walking, as if any of this, of itself, were a practice. The map only helps us identify questions that can be useful, questions that can be used to make the city reveal itself: which *is* the point. Questions like: Who owns the city? What are they building? Where are they building it? Has there been a property boom? Has

gre toliko za samo igro dezorientiranosti ali za hojo zavoljo hoje same, kot bi šlo za nekakšno ustaljeno navado. Prej nas zemljevid usmerja pri odkrivanju mesta, spoznavanju njegovega *bistva*. To pa se skriva v vprašanjih, kot so: Kdo si lasti mesto? Kaj se v njem gradi? Kje se gradi? Ali je doživelo lastniški razcvet? Ali je priča konfliktu lastniških interesov? Kje živijo njegovi prebivalci? Kate-  
ra območja se poseljujejo na novo in zakaj? Kdo opravlja služabniška dela – kdo čisti pisarne, prazni koše za smeti, dela v nočni izmeni? Kje ti ljudje živijo? Ali so zares vsi tako srečni, kot so videti? Ali še obstaja javni prostor ali je že vse »denacionalizirano«?<sup>1</sup> Kje se zbirajo mladostniki? Ali pogosto zaidejo v težave s policijo ali prebivalci mesta? Kdo je nezaželen? V čem je srž problema? *Kako se družbe-  
na trenja kažejo v prostorskem konfliktu?*

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Med pohajkovanjem po Ljubljani me je prešinila misel, da je mesto, ki ga slabo poznaš, kot mesto, v katerem si nekoč živel in ga potem zapustil; če ne veš, kam si namenjen, je pravzaprav podobno, kot če pozabiš, kar si nekoč vedel. Mesto, ki ga zapustiš, se pred tabo zapre. Organsko gibanje v njem – množice, ki zahajajo v različne kraje, bari, ki se zapirajo, nova, prenovljena območja –, ki si ga prej komaj zaznal, ker se je odvijalo postopoma, se zdaj doga-

1 Izraz »denacionalizacija« se mi je zdel posebej zanimiv: tam, od koder sam prihajam, pravimo temu privatizacija. Domnevam, da je to odvisno od tega, kje začneš; končni rezultat pa je v obeh primerih enak.

there been a property crash? Where does everybody live? Which areas are being rezoned, and what for? Who does the menial work – who cleans the office blocks, who empties the bins, who works the nightshifts? Where do they live? Is everybody really as happy as they look? Is there any public space left, or has it all been ‘denationalised’?<sup>1</sup> Where do the teenagers drink? Do they get into trouble with the police, or the residents? Who are the undesirables? Where are the cracks in the façade? *How are the social tensions crystallised into spatial conflict?*

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As I walked around Ljubljana, I was reminded that a city you don’t know very well is like a city that you once lived in, and left; not yet knowing where to go is rather like no longer knowing. A city you have left, after living there, closes itself off from you. All the organic movements – crowds choosing to frequent different spots, bars closing down, new areas being regenerated – which, when you lived there, you barely noticed, because they happened so gradually, have now happened in your absence, and on your return the changes seem sudden. Bodies move in different directions, inhabiting different quarters, spending money on different things, even eating different food. Factories, warehouses, slaughterhouses close, and become arts centres, or museums, or supermarkets.

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<sup>1</sup> I find that word ‘denationalisation’ interesting: where I come from it’s called privatisation. I suppose it all depends on where you’re starting from; the end result is the same.

ja v tvoji odsotnosti, in ko se vrneš, se zdi, da so se vse spremembe zgodile iznenada. Ljudje hitijo drugam, živijo v drugih predelih mesta, kupujejo in jedo drugačne stvari. Tovarne, skladišča, klavnice se zapirajo in spreminjajo v umetniška središča, muzeje ali supermarkete.

Ko enkrat spoznaš mesto, se pojavi nova, veliko hujša dezorientiranost, ki pa izhaja iz dejstva, da nikakor ne moreš več priklicati v spomin svojih prvih vtisov o njem. Vogal ali ulica sta se ti nemara zdela daljša ali drugače vmeščena v prostor; videti sta bila povsem drugačna. Tedaj se zaveš, da to ni otok in pravzaprav niti tvoj najljubši kotiček, saj tja zahajaš bolj poredko. Ugotoviš, da res ne moreš več obuditi prvih vtisov, čeprav po drugi strani, na lastno presenečenje, povsem nepričakovano z dna sebe prikličeš v spomin neki detajl, ki ti ne da miru in ki za hip obudi tisti občutek o nekem prostoru, ki je zdaj *premeščen drugam*.

Ko sem pred desetimi leti prvič prišel v Ljubljano, sem bival v hotelu Park, od koder sem se vsak dan sprehodil po Trubarjevi cesti v Cankarjev dom. Drugih predelov mesta, odmaknjenih od te vzhodno-zahodne linije, in ulic starega mestnega jedra skorajda nisem videl. Potem pa so nekega dne v vili poleg parka Tivoli priredili slovesnost ob razstavi, pri kateri sem sodeloval tudi sam. Bil je vroč dan, prireditvev pa nadvse dolgočasna: to je bil eden tistih dogodkov, kjer si navzoči drug drugemu čestitajo, pripravi pa se ga zgolj zavoljo lokalnih funkcionarjev in njihovih družbenikov. Ker so imeli kustosi, vladni ministri in sponzorji govor v slovenščini, sva se s prijateljem odločila, da se sprehodiva po parku. Za vogalom sva zagledala bazen.

And then, when you actually get to know the city, there is another, stranger disorientation that comes from being unable to recover your first impressions. This corner, this block, seemed longer, differently placed in space, it was another place. Now you realise that it isn't an island and maybe, in fact, it's not even the landmark you had made it: you discover that you actually rarely go there. You realise that you are unable to recover that initial impression of a place, unless somehow it surprises you because you unexpectedly recall, from out of the corner of an eye, a detail that jars and for a moment restores that sensation of a place that had been *displaced*.

The very first time I came to Ljubljana, ten years ago, I stayed at the Park Hotel and walked every day along Trubarjeva to Cankarjev Dom. I saw very few places beyond this general east-west corridor and the streets of the Old Town. One day, in connection with the exhibition in which I was participating, there was a reception at a villa beside the Tivoli Gardens. It was a hot day and the reception was very boring: one of those mutually congratulatory events held solely for the benefit of the local functionaries and their corporate associates. As various curators and government ministers and sponsors made speeches in Slovenian, a friend and I decided to take a walk around the gardens. Turning a corner, we saw in front of us a swimming pool.

Initially we simply dipped our feet in the water, to try and cool off; but other artists had followed us, and before long a group of Italians had stripped and jumped into the pool. Within a few minutes all the artists in the exhibition were swimming and splashing in the pool. The vari-



Sprva sva vanj pomočila samo noge, da bi se malce osvežila. Pridružili so se nama še drugi umetniki, in kot bi trenil, že je skupina Italijanov odvrгла oblačila in skočila v vodo. V nekaj minutah so vsi na razstavi sodelujoči umetniki plavali in čofotali v bazenu, medtem pa so občinski in vladni dostojanstveniki nadaljevali s slovesnostjo, vendar vidno vznejevoljeni, saj smo se prav tisti, zaradi katerih so jo sploh priredili, vedli tako nedostojno, sami pa so bili povsem nemočni, da bi to preprečili. Ne spomnim se natančno, ali sem izvedel že med slovesnostjo ali po njej, da je bila ta ljubljanska vila nekoč Titov dom. S to novico je ta priložnost zame dobila poseben pomen, kraj sam pa svojevrsten čar. Kakor koli že, Titov bazen se mi danes ne zdi posebej uporabna orientacijska točka v Ljubljani, saj ko sem se deset let pozneje vnovič sprehajal po isti ulici, se nisem mogel spomniti niti, katera od teh velikih stavb, ki so danes pretežno veleposlaništva, je bila njegova vila.

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V mestu, ki ga še ne poznaš, vstopiš v bar negotov in zaskrbljen, z občutkom, da izstopaš, da preprosto ne sodiš tja. Če nisi ravno komunikativen (in ne razumeš lokalnega jezika), zlahka izpadeš kot svet zase.<sup>2</sup> Nikogar od

2 Kdor ne razume slovenskega jezika, ga zlahka presliši: neki prevajalec mi je pojasnil, da slovenščino močno zaznamuje »diglosija« in da se pisni jezik bistveno razlikuje od govornega; tudi ljubljanska govorica se razlikuje od govorice drugod po Sloveniji. Ko je jezik zveden na zvoke, ki svobodno odstopajo od predvidene denotacije, ko se pomenska veriga ne more skleniti, ko iz toka nerazumljivih fonemov ni moč razbrati niti naključne, sicer

ous municipal and governmental dignitaries tried to carry on with their reception, clearly annoyed that we, who had provided the alibi for their polite celebrations, were behaving so outrageously, and that there was apparently nothing that could be done about it. I can't remember now whether it was during the reception or subsequently that I was told that the villa had been Tito's Ljubljana home. For me, this occasion obviously took on a special significance, and the site became bestowed with a particular resonance; but Tito's pool is not a very useful landmark for me in Ljubljana today, and as I walked along the same street ten years later, I wasn't even able to work out which of the large houses, many of which are now ambassadorial residences, was his villa.

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In a city you don't yet know, you walk into a bar in that uncertain, apprehensive way, expecting to stand out, to have no good reason for being there. If you aren't an easy conversationalist (and you don't have the language) then you can be your own island.<sup>2</sup> Nobody who is known to

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2 The Slovene language is very amenable to not being heard by anyone who doesn't understand it: a translator explained to me that it is a 'diglossic' language, one whose formal, written form differs sharply from its spoken form; and the Slovene spoken in Ljubljana differs somewhat from that spoken elsewhere in the country also. When language is reduced to sounds that float freely from their intended denotation, when the chain of signification cannot be completed, when not even the occasional recognisable word can be separated from the stream of unintelligible pho-

prihajajočih ne poznaš. Odpreš svojo knjigo in pri tem te nihče ne zmoti.

Če pa si takšen kot jaz, zlahka spremeniš svojo navedo, zaradi katere znova in znova, dan za dnem vedno ob isti uri obiščeš iste domačne kraje, kjer si poiščeš čisto svoj *tip* prostora: ne ta kavarna, pač pa ona druga, ki je manj turistična, ali taka, ki ima zunaj izobešen cenik ali ki ponuja angleški menu, vendar v katero zahajajo domačini, ne ravno taka, pač pa manjša ali večja ali z drugačnimi mizami, prijaznejša do tujcev ali nemara bolj zadržana do nerednih strank, skratka, taka, ki daje občutek domačnosti. Tavaš naokoli, vse bolj utrujen in prežet s tistim otožnim občutkom nepripadnosti, v katerem skrivoma tako uživaš: saj kdo ima še ta privilegij, da se sprehaja po ulicah in opazuje, ne da bi koga poznal, razumel ali sploh kaj razpoznal?

Gre za povsem drugačen način pohajkovanja: v mestu, ki ga ne poznaš, se ne moreš izgubiti. Sam se prej izgubim v svojem rojstnem kraju, a le zato, ker ga zelo dobro poznam. V njem lahko *izginem* – postanem neviden, preprosto neham slediti. Izklopim vsako misel. Občutek »izgubljenosti«, ki preveva turista, ki ne ve več, kam je namenjen ali kje je, je puhel, banalen in se v hipu razblini: slediš soncu, reki, zaviješ proti vzhodu, se vrneš nazaj po isti poti, po kateri si prišel, greš v smeri proti cerkvi ali preprosto tavaš naokoli brez cilja.

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prepoznavne besede, tedaj zvok pogovora zlahka preglasijo zvoki mimoidočih avtomobilov, tihega glasbenega ozadja ali petja ptic zunaj v naravi.

you will cross the threshold and enter the room. You'll open your book and no-one will interrupt you.

But if you're like me, you will also replace habit, the habit which, when at home, sees you enter the same familiar places at the same time of day, day after day, with a search for a *type* of place: not this café, some place that's a little less touristy; or one with the price list outside; or with an English menu but a local clientele; not this one, somewhere smaller, or larger, or with different tables, one less forbidding to a stranger, or one less immediately ingratiating toward those who aren't regulars; one that looks like somewhere you might already know. You will wander around, tiring yourself out and enhancing the melancholy feeling of unbelonging that, secretly, you so enjoy: because who else has this privilege to wander the streets, just looking, knowing no-one, perhaps understanding nothing anyone says or any sign they see?

And it's a different kind of wandering also: you can't get lost in a city you don't know. I can get lost in the city where I was born, but only because I know all its streets so well. I can *become* lost there – that's to say, I can become invisible, I can cease to register. I can lose my self there. 'Getting lost', like a tourist, in the sense of not knowing where you're going, or where you are, is a shallow, banal sensation, and quickly remedied: follow the sun, follow the river, walk east, walk back the way you came, walk toward the church, or just keep going.

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nemes, then the sounds of others' conversations becomes as easy to ignore as those of the passing traffic, or the music playing quietly in the background, or the birdsong in the trees outside.

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Kljub vsemu sem se tudi v Ljubljani poskušal izgubiti, da bi našel odgovore na tista vprašanja, ki pomagajo spoznati mesto. A da bi se lahko izgubil, sem moral najprej dobiti orientacijo, odpraviti sem moral občutek, da »ne vem, kje sem«. Tako sem se lahko aktivneje poglobil v strukturo mesta in njegova notranja razmerja.

Mnogi so mi pripovedovali o velikem nakupovalnem središču v BTC-ju, nekoliko zunaj mesta. Spraševal sem se, zakaj neki je to tako pomembno; taka območja že dolgo niso več nič posebnega, zlasti potem ko so evropska mesta začela oponašati ameriške tekmece in se preoblikovala po neki nenavadni dvojnosti, ki niha med avtomobili in pešci:



BTC / BTC, 2010

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Nonetheless I endeavoured to get lost in Ljubljana, and by getting lost, to discover the questions that would force the city to reveal itself to me. To get lost, I first had to gain some sense of the city, so that I would not simply be ‘unsure where I was’ but rather more productively submerged in the structures and relations of the city.

A number of people I spoke to had described to me the large out-of-town retail development at BTC. I wondered why this was so significant; such sites have long ago ceased to be unusual, as European cities have mimicked their American counterparts and been remodelled according to a strange dualism between cars and pedestrians: bourgeois shopping areas, in high-rent city centre districts, are pedestrianised, while more everyday requirements are pushed further out to areas only accessible by car, and laid out according to the need to park as close as possible to one’s destination.

If you take a bus towards BTC from the stop across the road from the main railway station, there is a good chance that you will sit in slow-moving traffic around Šmartinska Cesta, the main arterial road to the north-east of the city; the 2 million Slovenians now own over a million cars, and this has a direct influence on the way in which the urban has been shaped and re-shaped over recent years.

You are now in the middle of Ljubljana’s largest ever regeneration project, Partnership Šmartinska, a development of over 200 hectares of former industrial land, run by a public-private partnership that includes the City of Ljubljana and the owners of the BTC complex as well as

buržoazna nakupovalna območja dragih predelov mestnih središč, kamor avtomobili nimajo vstopa, na eni strani, in na drugi strani z avtomobilom dostopna območja na obrobju mest, kamor so potisnjena vsakdanja opravila in ki so zasnovana tako, da omogočajo čim bližje parkirišče kraju, kamor si namenjen.

Če se s postajališča nasproti glavne železniške postaje odpelješ z avtobusom v BTC, se težko izogneš zastoju na Šmartinski cesti, glavni mestni prometnici, ki pelje v severovzhodni del mesta; dva milijona Slovencev imata že več kot milijon avtomobilov, kar je neposredno vplivalo tudi na oblikovanje in preoblikovanje urbanega prostora v zadnjih letih.

*Partnerstvo Šmartinska* je najobsežnejši projekt prenove Ljubljane doslej. Območje, ki se razprostira na dvesto hektarjih nekdanje industrijske površine, je v lasti javno-zasebnega partnerstva med Mestno občino Ljubljana, lastniki BTC-ja ter drugimi lokalnimi razvojnimi partnerji in lastniki zemljišč. S stališča zasebnih vlagateljev je največja ugodnost tega partnerstva v tem, da tveganje odplačevanja začetnih razvojnih stroškov nosijo javni organi – občine, vladni oddelki in drugi –, ki s postavljanjem preferenčnih pogojev vstopanja na trge skrbijo za donosnost zasebnega kapitala, medtem pa se dolgoročni donos (iz naslova rent in rasti vrednosti premoženja) povrne vlagateljem. Želja po hitrem razvoju in izkoriščanju vrednosti političnega kapitala v kratkem časovnem obdobju trajanja projekta pomeni, da se lahko običajne ovire razvoju premostijo: predpisi se lahko nekoliko sprostijo, zemljišča se prerazporedijo, nezaželene prebivalce pa se z dvigom »tržnih obrestnih mer«



various other local developers and landowners. From the private investor's point of view, the great boon of such partnerships is that the public bodies – municipalities, government departments and so on – carry the risk of the initial development costs, leveraging private money with their own preferential terms of access to the markets, whilst the long-term returns (from rents and asset appreciation) flow back to the investor. Meanwhile, the desire to develop quickly and to extract valuable political capital within the short timeframes of elected terms means that the usual obstructions to development can be put to one side: regulations can be eased, land can be rezoned, awkward inhabitants can be bought off at 'market rates' and resettled elsewhere. Private capital requires ever faster, ever larger returns from sizeable investments in regeneration; hence the gigantic scale of many contemporary urban developments, which raze entire neighbourhoods so that new 'quarters' can be laid out in their place. The mortgage and rental debts of these spectacular new cities-within-cities provide spectacular returns for private capital, returns which can be resold and reinvested many times over. The new streets and boulevards, the parks and supposedly public spaces, are handed over by the city to be managed by private companies, who can decide what behaviour is acceptable on their land, and who is deemed undesirable. Municipal authorities can retreat not just from the business of providing basic infrastructure, but from managing and maintaining it too; and the idea or meaning of 'publicness' recedes ever further.

These days a 'public' space is just one that is open, and to which access is more or less unrestricted. And whilst,

odvrne od mestnega jedra in prisili, da se odselijo drugam. Zasebni kapital narekuje vse hitrejša in višja donosa obsežnih naložb v prenovu; od tod tako veliki sodobni urbani razvojni projekti, ki uničujejo celotne soseske, na mestu katerih zrastejo nove mestne »četrti«. Hipotekarni in rentni dolg teh spektakularnih novih mest-znotraj-mest omogoča astronomske donose zasebnega kapitala, ki se lahko vedno znova prodajo in investirajo drugam. Nove ulice in drevo-rede, parke in nemara tudi javne prostore mesto preda v upravljanje zasebnim družbam, ki imajo pravico odločati, kakšno vedenje se bo na njihovi zemlji odobraval in kdo ni zaželen. Mestne oblasti se tako izognejo ne samo zagotavljanju osnovne infrastrukture, pač pa tudi njenemu upravljanju in vzdrževanju; s tem pa se ideja o »javnem« ali njegov pomen še bolj razblinjata.

Danes velja za »javni« prostor tisti prostor, ki je odprt in bolj ali manj dostopen vsakomur. Z zasebnim lastništvom in upravljanjem tako imenovanega »javnega« prostora se njegova dostopnost manjša, s tem pa tudi občutek skupnosti, ki ga je nekoč vseboval pojem »bivanja v javnosti«. Taka skupnost, ki je bila izbojevana šele po tem, ko je bilo upravljanje naših mest iztrgano iz rok zasebnega (običajno aristokratskega) lastništva, je danes povsem izgubila na vrednosti. Seveda je imelo javno, kakršno se je razvilo v buržoaznih evropskih prestolnicah v osemnajstem in devetnajstem stoletju, prav tako svoja neomajna moralna načela vladanja; njegove zapovedi o primernem vedenju so ustvarile poseben vzorec »bivanja v javnosti«, ki ga je dobro socializirani prebivalec zlahka privzel za svojega. Ne gre za to, da je javno lastništvo nad mestom ali javno

with the private ownership and management of so-called ‘public’ space, the degree of that restriction increases, at the same time, the sense of commonality that once resided in the notion of being ‘in public’, a commonality that was only achieved when control of our cities was wrested away from private (usually aristocratic) ownership, is no longer held to have value. Of course, publicness, as developed in the bourgeois capitals of Europe in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, has its rigorous policing morality as well; its injunctions to behave appropriately constructed, in turn, a proper sense of ‘being in public’ that could be internalised by the well-socialised citizen. It isn’t that public ownership or planning of city space is somehow inherently better; but privatised space makes us subject to an unaccountable discipline, a power that originates not in the ‘democratic’ state but in the strength of capital. This private power is like that of the absolute monarch (in whose name and image, ironically, the idea of the ‘the public’ first appears: “*L’état, c’est moi*”, famously appropriated by the man who led Ireland in various capacities for four decades, Eamon de Valera: “When I want to know what the people of Ireland think, I have only to look into my own heart.”). Only a truly democratic, which is to say, commonly controlled, space can have the potential to be any different. This is not a question of dreaming of a return to an unregulated, Rabelaisian social space of continuous excess and personal indulgence; that ‘freedom’ is not one I’m particularly interested in. The point of the city, the thing that makes it a categorically different social space, is that the limits of sociability – that which we may or may not do – can be defined actively and

načrtovanje mesta samo po sebi boljše; prej gre za to, da nas zasebni prostor sili v nekakšno nenavadno discipliniranost, moč, ki ne izvira iz »demokratičnosti«, pač pa iz silovitosti kapitala. Zasebna oblast je enaka oblasti absolutnega monarha (v imenu in podobi katerega se, ironično, tudi prvič pojavi ideja o »javnem«; kot je znano, si je frazo »*L'état, c'est moi*« prilastil Eamon de Valera, mož, ki je v različnih funkcijah cela štiri desetletja vodil Irsko: »*Kadar želim vedeti, kaj misli irsko ljudstvo, zadostuje, da se zazrem v svoje srce.*«). Samo zares demokratičen prostor, tak torej, ki ga upravlja skupnost, nosi v sebi potencial drugačnosti. Ne gre toliko za željo po vrnitvi v dereguliran, Rabelaisov družbeni prostor nenehnih ekscesov in osebne privilegiranosti; to ni tista »svoboda«, ki je predmet mojega zanimanja. Smisel mesta, tisto, kar iz njega naredi kategorično drugačen družbeni prostor, je to, da meje sociabilnosti – ki jo lahko izkoristimo ali ne – lahko določimo aktivno in skupaj, ne pa, da jih določa oblast s takimi pristojnostmi, ki so pravzaprav mogoče le v teoriji, pa tudi taka ne, ki tako kot sodoben kapital ne terja nobene legitimnosti. Mesto, kot bomo videli, ni le zbir arbitrarnih in zanimivih arhitekturnih slogov in tipologij, ki jih naseljujejo zgolj abstraktne 3D podobe zadnjega prenovitvenega projekta, pač pa je – skupaj z vsemi svojimi zgradbami – vselej in *samo* skupek družbenih odnosov, interakcij in pogajanj, ki dnevno potekajo v njem.

*Partnerstvo Šmartinska*, takšno je namreč mnenje občine, predstavlja model »urbanosti«, »*ki ga lahko razumemo kot vpeljevanje dnevnih časovno-prostorskih ritmov in živahnega, uličnega utripa ob določenih trenutkih dneva.*

in common, not by a power whose authority is so abstracted from the commons that it only exists in theory, nor by one which, as with modern capital, makes no claim to legitimacy whatsoever. The city, as we shall see, is not simply a collection of arbitrary and interesting architectural styles and typologies, inhabited only by the abstracted figures in those 3D visualisations of the latest regeneration project; the city is always, and *only*, the totality of all the social relations and interactions and negotiations that take place in it – against the backdrop of all those buildings – on a daily basis.

Partnership Šmartinska, according to the municipality, is driven by a model of ‘urbanity’ “interpreted as in-filling of daily time-spatial rhythms and the establishment of lively, street pulse in particular periods of the day. In this way the scheme of activities and programmes in particular sites is defined and connected to pertaining characteristics of the built structure.”<sup>3</sup> This definition of urbanity is conveniently empty – empty of any actual inhabitants, that is: ‘rhythm’ and ‘pulse’ suggest a kind of frenetic sociality but nowhere is this further substantiated. It is the ‘built structure’, as always, which will be left to define life here. The use of buzzwords that strive to elide ‘work’ and ‘play’ – invoking a nebulous ‘creativity’ in *everything* we do – underlines an infantilisation evident in the contemporary, post-industrial city that we’ll return to elsewhere.

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3 City of Ljubljana (2009) *Partnership Šmartinska District Redevelopment* (Ljubljana: City of Ljubljana), p. 9.

*Na ta način se shema dejavnosti in programov v določenih mestih definira in povezuje s pripadajočim značajem grajenega objekta.*»<sup>3</sup> Taka definicija urbanosti je naravnost puhla, saj ne upošteva prebivalcev mesta. Povedano drugače, »ritem« in »utrip« mesta zahtevata sproščeno družabnost, ki pa je ni nikjer zaznati. Navsezadnje bo, kot vedno, »grajeni objekt« tisti, ki bo narekoval življenje okoli sebe. Uporaba strokovnih terminov – s katerimi se poskuša zaobiti »delo« in »igro« ter s prstom pokazati na nekakšno nejasno »kreativnost« v *vsem*, kar počnemo – kaže na infantilizacijo, ki je očitna v sodobnem, postindustrijskem mestu, h kateremu se bomo še vrnil.

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Izstopil sem na enem od postajališč v BTC-ju. Pravzaprav kaj takega nisem pričakoval, čeprav sem nekaj podobnega že videl. Običajno parki zunaj mesta z maloprodajnimi trgovinami zrastejo na »degradiranih« območjih, potem ko so bile tamkajšnje zgradbe porušene. Do zgodnjih devetdesetih let minulega stoletja je bil BTC eden največjih prevoznih in logističnih središč v jugovzhodni Evropi. Ko je to območje po neodvisnosti prišlo v roke zasebnikov, so obstoječa skladišča preprosto preuredili v velike maloprodajne trgovine, cestno mrežo in parkirišča za tovornjake pa ohranili. Družba je kmalu prodrla na londonško borzo in se pozneje preoblikovala v zasebno družbo;

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<sup>3</sup> City of Ljubljana, *Partnership Šmartinska District Redevelopment*, City of Ljubljana, Ljubljana, 2009, str. 9.

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After a short time I got off the bus at one of the stops in BTC. This was not exactly what I had been expecting, even if I had seen its kind elsewhere. Usually, these out-of-town retail parks spring up on ‘brownfield’ sites once the pre-existing structures have been cleared away. Until the early 1990s, BTC was the site of one of the largest haulage and logistics depots in south-eastern Europe; when the site was privatised after independence, the existing warehouses were simply converted to huge retail sheds, and the grid of streets and lorry parks retained. The company was briefly floated on the London Stock Exchange, but was then converted to a private company; there is no public space in BTC – that is to say, nothing that is publicly-owned. Here, capital can service the needs and wants of the consumer with the minimum interference; functionalism acquires form at BTC, and this form feeds back into the expectation of what the city itself should be: there is no non-productive space here; or rather, no non-consumptive space. There is no shared sociality except the shared, blissful experience of spectacularised consumption.

BTC describe their development as an “urban whole”: more recent phases have seen it grow to include a multiplex cinema, various fast food outlets and restaurants, a swimming pool with waterslides, and – most bizarrely – I even found a dodgem ride, conveniently situated in the car park outside McDonald’s and the Kolosej cinema. Why not drive in the bumper-to-bumper traffic to BTC, navigate its endless mini-roundabouts and find your parking space, and



v BTC-ju namreč ni javnega prostora – tam ni ničesar, kar bi bilo v javni lasti. Tukaj kapital servisira potrebe in želje potrošnikov z minimalnim vmešavanjem drugih; funkcionalnost dobi v BTC-ju svoj izraz, ki se odraža v pričakovanjih ljudi o tem, kakšno mora biti mesto: tukaj ni prostora, ki ne bi bil produktiven oziroma potrošniški. Tukaj ne obstaja skupno druženje, pač pa le skupna, blažena in spektakularizirana potrošniška izkušnja.

Nosilci projekta vidijo BTC kot »urbano celoto«: zadnje pridobitve so kinematografski kompleks z več dvoranami, različne postojanke s hitro hrano, restavracije, bazen s tobogani in – kar je še najbolj nenavadno od vsega – našel sem celo avtodrom, ki je prikladno nameščen na parkirišču pred McDonaldsom in Kolosejem. Zakaj se ne bi odpeľjali v dolgi koloni v BTC, prevozili neskončna majcena krožna križišča, poiskali svoje parkirno mesto in se nato prepustili vožnji z avtomobilčkom? To bi lahko bilo navsezadnje skrbno premišljeno družbeno načrtovanje: nemara obstaja kakšna statistika, ki prikazuje zmanjšanje števila nesreč z motornimi vozili v severovzhodnem delu mesta, zahvaljujoč temu inovativnemu vedenjskemu preizkusu. Tistega dne se ni nihče vozil z avtomobilčki.

BTC je bolj urejen kot marsikateri drug podoben maloprodajni center, saj so njegovo zasnovo zaznamovala skladišča, ki so tam stala že prej: vsaka ulica s svetlo prevlečenimi pročelji skladišč ima zadaj svoj »parkirni prostor« z nakladalno ploščadjo in ogromno površino za obračanje tovornjakov, ki še kar naprej oskrbujejo skladišča in vso južnovzhodno Evropo z blagom. Navsezadnje v BTC ne zahajajo po nakupih samo Ljubljanci,

then let off steam on the dodgems? This might almost be a carefully researched piece of social planning at BTC; perhaps somewhere there are statistics showing a reduction in the number of motoring accidents in the north-east of the city as a result of this innovative behavioural experiment. On the day I visited, the dodgems sat unriden.

BTC is more ordered than many similar retail developments, simply because its layout was predetermined by the haulage depots that were here before: each street of brightly-clad warehouse façades is accompanied by its ‘back lot’, with loading bays and wide turning areas for the lorries that still service this holding centre for the commodities of south-eastern Europe: for it is not just Ljubljanc̃ans, nor even Slovenians only, but Austrians, Italians and Croats who come to shop at BTC. Although the more recent phases have broken somewhat with the shape and form of the earlier parts, and though it can feel a little like one is walking around the various lots of a large film studio, and even given BTC’s huge size, the development still maintains a kind of formal sense and is instinctively less disorientating than many such centres.

BTC is emblematic for being the earliest and still most comprehensive privatisation of urban space in Ljubljana. The municipal authority sees the shoppers flowing there on the regional motorway system from Maribor, Trieste, Zagreb and Udine, but these shoppers flow out again without setting foot in the city itself; why would they? It takes them too long to get there on the congested streets around Šmartinska, and what is there for them when they come? The shops are all in BTC, which has displaced so many of the functions of the city itself.

tudi samo Slovenci ne, pač pa tudi Avstrijci, Italijani in Hrvati. Kljub temu da novi objekti po velikosti in obliki nekoliko odstopajo od prejšnjih, tako da se človek počuti, kot bi se sprehajal med različnimi oddelki ogromnega filmskega studia, in kljub velikosti BTC-ja, razvoj še vedno ohranja nekakšen formalni pridih in je bolj urejen od mnogih podobnih središč.

BTC velja za eno prvih in najobsežnejših privatizacij urbanega prostora v Ljubljani. Nakupovalci se zgrinjajo z regionalne avtoceste iz Maribora, Trsta, Zagreba in Vidma, in odhajajo, ne da bi prestopili prag mesta. Zakaj bi le? Saj porabijo preveč časa, da bi se prebili vanj skozi prometne zastoje okoli Šmartinske ceste! In kaj jim mesto sploh lahko ponudi? Vse trgovine so v BTC-ju, ki je mestu odvzel njegove številne funkcije.

S tega stališča ni težko uvideti pomena *Partnerstva Šmartinska* za Ljubljano: brez njega bi se mestno jedro postopoma razkropilo ter se lokalno in regionalno odcepilo od okolice. Temeljni načrt je nastal leta 2008, vendar se od takrat ni skoraj nič premaknilo; razvoj se nadaljuje v BTC-ju z gradnjo 20-nadstropne, 89-metrške Kristalne palače, ki bo trenutno najvišja stavba v Sloveniji. Njena gradnja naj bi se končala v času, ko bo izšla ta publikacija (*»Imenovali smo jo Kristalna palača. Le izbrani jo bodo imenovali tudi dom.«*). Vendar pa je treba tako ali drugače to vizijo šele uresničiti; omejene zmogljivosti, zastarela mreža in inventar javnega transportnega sistema pomenijo, da bodo avtomobili še naprej zaznamovali urbani prostor v Ljubljani. Trenje med javnim in zasebnim, ki poteka na ravni najosnovnejših vprašanj, nenehno ovira delo mestnih

Seen this way, it's easy to see why the Partnership Šmartinska development should be so crucial to the city's plans: without it, the core of the city is gradually becoming fragmented, detached from its surroundings locally and regionally. Since the masterplan was drawn up in 2008, however, not very much has happened; development continues at BTC, with the 20 floor, 89-metre Crystal Palace, now the tallest building in Slovenia, on schedule for completion around the time that this booklet is published ("We called it Crystal Palace, only the chosen few will call it home"). But in the space between, the vision has yet to be realised; and the limited capacity, rudimentary network and ageing stock of the public transport system means that the car will continue to define urban space in Ljubljana. This tension between public and private at the most elementary level continually creates new problems for the city's administrators: the Šmartinska regeneration seems to be dependent for its success, both in terms of its idealistically (and vaguely) stated aims, and of its prospect of being able to generate sufficient returns for the private partners, on a massive investment in public transport infrastructure. There is no incentive for a private operator to make this investment, since the network is very unlikely to be profitable in the short or medium term. Meanwhile, the pedestrianisation of large parts of the central core necessitates new provision for car parking for the city's residents, but the mayor's plans for an underground car park beneath the historic markets on the banks of the Ljubljanica have been particularly unpopular. As they used to say, the contradictions are inherent in the system: even at this most basic level.

upraviteljev: kot se zdi, je uspešnost prenove Šmartinske, njenih idealistično (in nejasno) zastavljenih ciljev ter možnosti generiranja zadostnih donosov zasebnim partnerjem, odvisna od obsežnega vlaganja v javno transportno infrastrukturo. Noben zasebnik ni pripravljen prevzeti te naložbe, ker je ta na srednji ali dolgi rok prejkone nedonosna. Poleg urejanja pločnikov za pešce je v središču mesta potrebna tudi oskrba stanovalcev s parkirišči, vendar je bil županov predlog gradnje podzemnega parkirišča pod zgodovinsko tržnico na nabrežju Ljubljance zavrnjen. Govorili so, da so protislovja že v sistemu samem, tudi ko gre za tako osnovne zadeve.

Naprej lahko ubereš pot kar čez tračnice tovarnega prometa, ki so nekoč oskrbovale mlin, še danes stoječ v severozahodnem delu BTC City-ja, od tam pa kreneš po Bratislavski cesti, kjer se pred teboj dvigajo dimniki elektrarne pri Toplarni (ta je kar 22 metrov višja od Kristalne palače), dokler končno ne zaviješ na desno mimo stavbe Emporium in sedeš na avtobus, ki te popelje nazaj v mesto. Ta pokrajina združuje vse, kar je bilo izgnano iz mestnega središča: na eni strani velikansko industrijsko infrastrukturo z vso svojo umazanijo in veličino, ki tradicionalno velja za negativni pol čistemu, urejenemu, buržoaznemu mestu z nepotešljivim hlastanjem po naravnih in človeških virih – na stotine delavcev dnevno porabi na tisoče ton premoga, da bi oskrbeli regijo s toploto in energijo –, na drugi strani pa posturbano potrošniško mesto s svojim *Festivalom nakupov in zabave*, ki vsako leto pritegne 300.000 obiskovalcev. Ta sopostavitev jasno kaže, kako je mesto postalo prostor, izprazenjen svojih prvotnih funkcij.

You may choose to do as I did, and cross the tracks for the freight line that once serviced the flour mill still standing at the north-eastern corner of BTC City. From here you can wander down Bratislavská Cesta with the chimneys of the power station at Toplarna ahead of you (still 22 metres taller than the Crystal Palace) until you eventually turn right near the 'Emporium' building and take a bus back into town. The combination in this landscape of everything that has been banished from the centre of the city – on one hand, the enormous industrial infrastructure, with its dirt and its sublime scale, traditionally the negative pole of the clean, ordered, bourgeois city, insatiably greedy for resources, natural and human – thousands of tons of coal are burned every day by hundreds of workers to produce the region's heat and power; and on the other hand, the post-urban consumer city, with its annual 'Festival of Shopping and Fun' to which 300,000 visitors are drawn each year – this juxtaposition accentuates the ways in which the city itself has become a space evacuated of so many of its former functions.

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... somehow we know by instinct that outsize buildings cast the shadow of their own destruction before them, and are designed from the first with an eye to their later existence as ruins.

W. G. Sebald, *Austerlitz*, pp. 23–24

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»...kajti nekje v sebi vemo, da dela arhitekture, ki zdrsnejo v predimenzioniranost, že mečejo senco svojega uničenja in imajo od vsega začetka v sebi zasnovo svoje poznejše biti kot ruševine.«

W. G. Sebald, *Austerlitz*, str. 19

Goethejev roman *Izbirne sorodnosti* (*Wahlverwandschaften*) vsebuje odstavek, v katerem liki razpravljajo o pokopališki arhitekturi. Mladi arhitekt pravi, da je zbral primere več tisoč tipov in slogov nagrobnih spomenikov, njegova pokroviteljica Charlotte pa se sprašuje, zakaj se potemtaka vsi poslužujejo le nekaj istih arhetipov: obelisk, obklesan steber, žara ... Zakaj je arhitektura smrti tako skromna?



Navje / Navje, 2010





Pogled z Navja / View from Navje, 2010

Goethe's novel *Elective Affinities* [*Wahlverwandtschaften*] contains a section where the characters discuss funerary architecture. A young architect says that he has collected examples of thousands of types and styles of such monuments; his patroness, Charlotte, asks why, then, are the same few archetypes always employed: the obelisk, the broken column, the urn... Why is the architecture of death so impoverished?

The little Navje cemetery, just to the north of the railway lines in Bežigrad, was originally the main city cemetery, occupying a much larger site. It was 'regenerated' by Ljubljana's most beloved architectural son, Jože Plečnik, in the 1930s, when the new municipal cemetery at Žale, further out of town, was laid out (even the dead have to

Manjše pokopališče na Navju, severno od železniške proge za Bežigradom, je bilo nekoč glavno mestno pokopališče, ki se je razprostiralo po veliko večji površini. V tridesetih letih minulega stoletja ga je »prenovil«<sup>4</sup> tedaj najuglednejši ljubljanski arhitekt Jože Plečnik, potem ko je bilo nekoliko izven mesta zasnovano novo občinsko pokopališče Žale (tudi pokojni morajo trpeti ponižanje prisilnega izгона na obrobje mest, ko njihova parcela v središču mesta pridobi na vrednosti). Predvidoma naj bi se grobovi raznih narodnih herojev prenesli na Navje, a je ta projekt preprečila druga svetovna vojna in posledično ni bil nikoli uresničen. Plečnikovi starši so kljub temu ostali na Navju in se izognili premestitvi na Žale.

Pokopališče je posejano z drobnimi obeliski in obklesanimi stebri, ki se Goethejevim likom ne zdijo prav nič poseben vir navdiha. Če pa se ozreš proti vzhodu, vidiš nenavadno podrto piramido, ki leži tik pod nizkim pokopališkim zidom: pravzaprav je to pred kratkim zgrajeni stanovanjski objekt. Kot je znano, je Le Corbusier deponijo rudnih odpadkov, ki je bila vidna z vlaka v Flandriji, zamenjal za veliko piramido; nemara pa le ni tako nenavadno, če ob pogledu z Navja namesto nagrobnega obeliska vidimo vpadljiv nov stanovanjski objekt, ki potrjuje globoko resnico o arhitekturi.<sup>4</sup> Arhitektura črpa, ali še bolje, arhitektura *je* nagrobna umetnost; Adolf Loos je menil, da se arhitektura začne pri grobu, kupu zemlje, še preden je nanj postavljen kakršen koli spomenik. Po njegovem mnenju je

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<sup>4</sup> Povzeto po Jeremy Till, *Architecture Depends*, MIT Press, Cambridge (MA), 2009, str. 48.

suffer the indignity of being forcibly removed to the suburbs when the their plots become too valuable). The graves of various national heroes were supposed to be moved to Navje, but the project was interrupted by the Second World War and never subsequently completed; Plečnik's own parents, however, managed to stay in Navje and avoid relocation to Žale.

The cemetery is dotted with the miniature obelisks and truncated columns that Goethe's characters find so uninspiring. But if one looks toward the east, one sees a strange fallen pyramid squatting just beyond the low cemetery wall: in fact, a recently built apartment complex. Le Corbusier, famously, mistook a slagheap, viewed from a train in Flanders, for a great pyramid; perhaps it is not so strange, as we look out now from Navje, to see this translation of the funerary obelisk into a striking new apartment complex as confirmation of a deep truth about architecture.<sup>4</sup> Architecture steals from—no, architecture *is* a funerary art; Adolf Loos thought that architecture begins with a grave, a mound of earth, even before there are any monuments; according to Loos, the tomb is the first building truly to exceed its function.<sup>5</sup> And while Roland Barthes thought that photography's insistence on the perpetuation of a frozen moment only served to emphasise the inexorable passing forever of that moment, the coming extinction

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4 Quoted in Jeremy Till (2009) *Architecture Depends* (Cambridge, MA: MIT Press), p. 48.

5 See Denis Hollier (1992) *Against Architecture* (Cambridge, MA: MIT Press), p. xxi.

gomila prvi objekt, ki zares presega svojo funkcijo.<sup>5</sup> Medtem ko je Roland Barthes trdil, da fotografija vztraja pri ovekovečenju zamrznjenega trenutka le zato, da bi poudarila neizprosno minljivost trenutka, neizogibno izginjevanje časa, je arhitektura zares prava »mrtvaška« umetnost.<sup>6</sup> Arhitektura je nagrobni kamen, spomenik vsemu, kar še živi, ali bolje, kar še ni umrlo.

Javna umetnost, ki zapolnjuje vmesni prostor med nenavadno odsekanim stanovanjskim blokom in vhodom v pokopališče Navje s severa, me spominja na mnoge moderne ideje o mestu kot »ludističnem« prostoru, igrišču za odrasle. V nenehno prenavljajočem se mestu javna umetnost svetlih barv pootroči delavca (ki ima dovolj časa za igro). A prostor kljub temu izumira; nihče ne zahaja tja, kakor je bilo predvideno. Prvine skulpture so kot zane-marjeni grobovi. Ljudje se jih ogibajo, naglo hitijo mimo s pogledom, uprtim v tla. Tja ob mraku zahajajo samo mladostniki, ki jim izostren čut govori, da je mesto netopirjev mesto življenja. Arhitektura in javna umetnost postaneta tukaj ne le propaganda prenove in urbanega očiščenja, pač pa tudi nesmrtnosti.

Pravzaprav ne gre toliko za zavračanje posameznega dela javne umetnosti v tem prostoru ali za nekakšen argument proti arhitekturi sami. Vsaka nova generacija mora odstraniti nagrobnike pozabljenih in jih na novo postaviti na obrobje pokopališča, tako kot se kršje pred začetkom

5 Glej Denis Hollier, *Against Architecture*, MIT Press, Cambridge (MA), 1992, str. xxi.

6 Roland Barthes, *Camera Lucida: Zapiski o fotografiji*, Studia Humanitatis, 1992, Ljubljana. Jonathan Cape, London, 1982.

of all time, it is architecture that is the true ‘deathly’ art.<sup>6</sup> All architecture is a headstone, a memorial to everything that’s still alive; or rather, not yet dead.

The public art filling the space between that oddly truncated apartment block and the northern entrance to the Navje cemetery brings to my mind many of the fashionable ideas of the city as a ‘ludic’ space, an adult playground. In the perpetually-regenerating city, brightly-coloured public art infantilises the worker (who now has so much play-time). But the space is oddly moribund; nobody wants to occupy it in the way that was presumably imagined. The elements of the sculpture are like untended graves. People skirt round them, walk through hastily with heads down, and only the teenagers congregate there after dark, because their keen eye for vampires tells them that this is a spot where undeath lingers. Architecture and public art here become propaganda not simply of regeneration and urban cleansing, but of deathlessness.

This isn’t about the individual piece of public art in this space, nor is it an anti-architectural argument as such – every new generation needs to clear away the headstones of the forgotten ones and re-arrange them around the edge of the cemetery, much as rubble will be cleared from the building site before new work begins, to be dumped at the edge of the city. We must make way for new sepulchres and tombs, new grave arrangements. The city of the dead is populated by all of us.

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6 Roland Barthes (1982) *Camera Lucida: Reflections on Photography* (London: Jonathan Cape)

nove gradnje odloži na obrobje mesta. Treba je narediti prostor za nove grobove in novo pokopališko ureditev. Mesto mrtvih pravzaprav naseljujemo vsi.

Severno od Navja leži Dunajska cesta, ki po vzhodni strani pelje mimo bežigrajskega stadiona, ki ga je Plečnik zgradil v dvajsetih letih minulega stoletja in je od leta 2008 zaprt. Gradnja stadiona je sovpadla z gradnjo novih hiš v njegovi bližini, namenjenih družinam delavcev, zaposlenih pri jugoslovanskih državnih železnicah; ta družbena stanovanja so vključevala območja v skupni rabi – pralnice, vrtove in drugo. Ko so po »neodvisnosti« Slovenije večino mestnih javnih objektov »denacionalizirali«, so območja okoli njih prešla iz državne znova v občinsko last. Vlagatelj, ki je pred nekaj leti odkupil bežigrajski stadion, da bi ga spremenil v kompleks, opremljen z nakupovalnim centrom, luksuznim hotelom, pisarniškimi prostori, bari in restavracijami ter novim, večjim stadionom, je v svoj načrt vključil tudi nekdanja območja v skupni rabi in s tem izzval negodovanje lokalnih stanovalcev, ki so se počutili izključeni z območja, do katerega so še pred kratkim imeli dostop in pravico do souporabe. Kot se pogosto rado zgodi, mesto skupaj z nosilcem projekta uporabi mehanizem mednarodnega arhitekturnega natečaja, da bi upravičilo nadaljnji razvoj, a so prebivalci Bežigrada s tožbo zahtevali, da se jim nekdanje območje v skupni rabi povrne v obliki »parke« kot neodtujljive lastnine mesta. Kljub takemu uspehu vidimo, da je nekoč »skupni« prostor mesta danes le še razvalina, ki ostane od razvoja, praznina med pomembnimi arhitekturnimi stvaritvami ali napačna vknjižba v zemljiško knjigo. Vse do danes se razvoj bežigrajskega stadiona ni



Gospodarska zbornica / Chamber of Commerce and Industry, 2010

Navigating north from Navje, one can find one's way to Dunajska Cesta and pass, on the western side of the street, the old Bežigrad stadium, built by Plečnik in the 1920s and closed since 2008. The construction of the stadium coincided with construction nearby of new houses for the families of workers in the Yugoslav State Railways; this company housing included common areas – laundries, gardens and so on. When the majority of public buildings in the city were 'denationalised' following independence, the associated common areas around the buildings reverted from the state to the municipality. The developer who bought the Bežigrad stadium itself from the city just a few



Modernistični blok, Dimičeva ul. / Modernist Block, Dimičeva St., 2010

premaknil niti za las, z nastankom športnega parka Stožice, ki ga je otvoril župan ter je prav tako vsepotrošniški in spektakularen prostor nekoliko severneje od nekdanjega stadiona, pa je bolj malo verjetno, da se bo projekt kmalu premaknil (zlasti če upoštevamo težave z njegovim financiranjem in uresničitvijo, s čimer se je srečal tudi sam sedanji župan kljub svoji izredno dobro razviti mreži poznanstev in visoki stopnji priljubljenosti).

Običajno sprehajalci po Dunajski cesti, ki si radi ogledujejo mestno arhitekturo, stopijo na severno stran, od koder je videti ljubljanski World Trade Center, ki je bil do nastanka Kristalne palače najvišja stavba v mestu. Sicer pa so v tamkajšnji bližini še druge, zanimivejše novo-



years ago, and who plans to turn it into a complex including shopping precincts, a luxury hotel, office suites, bars and restaurants in addition to a new, larger stadium, also included these former common areas in his plans, prompting objections from local residents, who felt that they were being excluded from an area to which they had enjoyed a traditional right of access until recently. As so often, the city, together with the developer, used the mechanism of an international architectural competition to lend credibility to the redevelopment, but the Bežigrad residents were successful in their court challenge to have their former common areas designated as a ‘park’, in the inalienable ownership of the city. Again and again, even after a result such as this, we see that the former ‘common’ space of the city is now just that which is left over after redevelopment, the voids between the landmark architecture; a mistranscription in the register of lands. To date, nothing has happened with the Bežigrad stadium development, and with the opening of Stožice stadium, a similarly multi-consumptive and spectacular space, just a little further north, it seems unlikely that the project will proceed very soon.

Typically walkers on Dunajska keen to see the city’s architecture go to the northern end of the street and look at the Ljubljana World Trade Center, which was the tallest building in the city until the Crystal Palace surpassed it. However there are other more recent and more interesting additions closer by. Barely 200 metres beyond the old stadium, one comes to Dimičeva Ulica, running east from Dunajska. The same distance again down this street is the office of the Slovenian Chamber of Commerce and

sti novejšega datuma. Komaj dvesto metrov pod starim stadionom pelje pot na Dimičevo ulico, ki leži vzhodno od Dunajske ceste. Na isti razdalji po tej ulici je poslopje Gospodarske zbornice Slovenije, ki so ga odprli leta 1999, zasnoval pa ga je arhitekturni biro Sadar + Vuga (ki je tudi avtor projekta Stožice). Na vsak način je ta objekt prelomnega pomena, čeprav ni ravno na očeh naključnega sprehajalca po mestu. Opremljen je s prostornim in odprtim prednjim dvoriščem, ki razpira pogled na nizko gradnjo z asimetrično razporejenimi nadstropji kot kup pravkar premešanih kart. Navpični in vodoravni poudarki se izmenično prepletajo po celotni stavbi, barvne plošče in razsvetljava ter zloščene in odprte ploskve pa tvorijo igrive oblike: še zlasti barviti stavbni bloki, ki v dobi odraščanja predstavljajo naš prvi nagib k oblikovanju in posnemanju zunanjega sveta. Angleški pisatelj Owen Hatherley je takšno »igrivo« arhitekturo poimenoval »pseudomodernizem«: *»modernizem prikrivanja, stilni okraski, ki ostane, ko iz njega izluščiš vse izvirne družbene in moralne ideje«*.<sup>7</sup>

Soseska je kljub vsemu razgibana, zlasti arhitekturno. Nasproti gospodarske zbornice stoji še ena stavba, sedež Nacionalnega preiskovalnega urada, ki je odprl vrata šele leta 2010. Ta je nekoliko bolj toga in mračna. Kombinacija kamna in stekla na tej še ne povsem zasedeni stavbi ustvar-

7 Navedek je iz Hatherleyjevega članka, objavljenega v časopisu Guardian v soboto, 16. oktobra 2010, »*A Guide To The New Ruins of Great Britain*«, dostopen je na <http://www.guardian.co.uk/books/2010/oct/16/owen-hatherley-ruins-great-britain>; članek je iz Hatherleyjeve istoimenske knjige, ki je izšla leta 2010 pri založbi Verso Books (London & New York).

Industry, opened in 1999 and designed by the Slovenian practice Sadar + Vuga (also responsible for the stadium at Stožice). This is a landmark block by any definition, albeit one rather concealed from the casual observer in the city. The building integrates a large, open forecourt into a low-rise design with irregularly ‘stacked’ floors, as if the building were a deck of cards that had just been shuffled. Vertical and horizontal emphases play off one another throughout the structure and coloured panels and lighting, and glazed and open planes, produce a form that is immediately reminiscent of play: most especially the coloured building blocks that, in the nursery, are our first impulse towards the modelling and copying of the outside world. The English writer Owen Hatherley refers to this kind of ‘playful’ architecture as ‘pseudomodernism’: “a modernism of concealment, a stylistic shell left after all the original social and moral ideas have been stripped out”.<sup>7</sup>

The neighbourhood is clearly a lively one however, at least architecturally, as immediately across the street from the Chamber of Commerce building is another new block, the headquarters of the National Bureau of Investigation, opened only in 2010. This is a starker and more sombre affair, with the alternating stonework and glazing creating a strong, albeit rather bland, vertical emphasis in this still

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<sup>7</sup> The quote is from Hatherley’s article in the Guardian newspaper on Saturday 16th October 2010, “A Guide To The New Ruins of Great Britain”, available at <http://www.guardian.co.uk/books/2010/oct/16/owen-hatherley-ruins-great-britain>; this article is in turn derived from Hatherley’s book of the same name, published in 2010 by Verso Books (London & New York).

ja močan, a nemoteč navpični poudarek. Zahodno od gospodarske zbornice pa je manjša, pet- ali šestnadstropna zgradba, katere datum nastanka ni znan, gre pa nedvomno za zapuščino modernizma. To je preprost betonski objekt s progasto površino, ki je na prazni steni stopniščne ograje preluknjana. Opremljen je s petimi manjšimi, kvadratnimi okni, nameščenimi navpično po sredinski liniji ter z zaobljenimi robovi in okvirji, ki zaradi drugačne barvne podlage rahlo izstopajo. Stavba ne pritegne posebne pozornosti in je zlasti zaradi bližine drugih pretirano poudarjenih objektov povsem neopazna. Njena elegantnost in stilna izčiščenost tvorita prijeten kontrast z okoliškim vizualnim truščem, to je s pravo propagando globalnega poslovanja tik ob njej ter s strogim in veličastnim policijskim objektom na nasprotni strani ceste.

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Neobaročne stavbe ljubljanskega avstro-ogrskega obdobja so večinoma neverjetno naklonjene rušenju in ustvarjanju prostora za novo mesto; kot duše, ki so bile prenešene na Žale, da bi uklonljivo naredile prostor novim grobovom. Ko sem se zopet vrnil v center mesta (čeprav, kakor velja tudi za Pariz, »center« dejansko označuje zelo ozko območje zahodnega brega pod starim mestnim jedrom; kraj, ki ga bom v nadaljevanju opisal, pa ne spada vanj), sem se sprehodil ob robu zapuščenega Kolizeja, impozantnih nekdanjih avstrijskih vojašnic s srede devetnajstega stoletja, ki je komaj viden z Gosposvetske ceste, čeprav njegovo pročelje v prvem nadstropju prekrivajo reklamni oglasi



Nacionalni preiskovalni urad / National Bureau of Investigation, 2010

rather squat building. On the western side of the Chamber of Commerce, however, is a small, five- or six-storey building of uncertain date and much more clearly Modernist heritage, a simple concrete structure, the striated surface of which is punched through, in the otherwise blank wall of the stairwell, with five small, square windows, centred in the building in a single column, their corners rounded and their surrounds subtly outlined in a contrasting surface. The building is unremarkable, and certainly understated, when viewed beside its bombastic neighbours, but its elegance and clarity are a pleasant contrast to the surrounding visual noise: the propaganda-in-form of global business, just next-door, and the austere omniscience of the police, across the road.

in je celotna stavba bolje vidna z druge strani, od hotela Lev.

Če se sprehodiš po Župančičevi ulici in pokukaš skozi nizke grmovnice na bencinsko črpalko ali za stavbo, kjer je bližnji servis šivalnih strojev (od koder so zdajšnji skvoterji stavbe začrtali novo, ožjo pot), v hipu ugotoviš, da je to ogromna stavba, v dolžini povprečne blokovske soseske tega predela mesta. V drugih mestih se nihče ne bi čudil, če bi bila stavba, kakršna je ta, zaščiten kot »kulturna dediščina« in nemara preoblikovana v galerijo ali muzej; vendar pa – in tega se zavedajo tudi ljubljanski nosilci projektov – na določeni točki dediščina predstavlja oviro kapitalu. Obenem pa se z zaščito starih stavb samo zato, ker so stare, pozablja tudi na potrebe živčih (tistih torej, ki še niso umrli), in v Ljubljani že kar obseden del starega mestnega jedra in okoliških predelov spada v območje dediščine. Temeljni argument proti zaščiti Koližeja – nedvomno povsem funkcionalnega in tudi dekorativno zanimivega objekta znotraj tega območja – je bil, da je zaščitene dediščine za potrebe turizma dovolj in da brez gradnje novih stavb, ne glede na njihov tip ali namembnost, kapitalski donos ni mogoč. (Ni treba posebej poudarjati, da trenutno nedovoljeno skvoterstvo stavbe ni nikoli predstavljeno kot potencialno pozitivna uporaba prostora, ki je prepuščen propadanju zaradi nesoglasja med javnimi in zasebnimi interesi. Skvoterje zlahka povezujemo z drugimi nizkotnimi oblikami prestopništva in jih zato krivimo za stanje, v katerem se je znašla stavba, namesto da bi krivili njene lastnike ali projektante.) »Primitivna akumulacija« stavb, ki so bile nekoč v javni ali državni lasti, se

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The neo-baroque buildings of Ljubljana's Austro-Hungarian period are, for the most part, surprisingly compliant in falling down and clearing space for a new city; like those souls transported to Žale, they dutifully make way for new graves. Back again in the centre of the city (although, somewhat as with Paris, the word 'centre' actually applies to only a very small area on the west bank beyond the Old Town, and apparently, the place I am about to describe is not in it) I found myself walking around the edge of the derelict Kolizej building, an imposing Austrian barracks building from the middle of the nineteenth century. This is still just about visible from Gosposvetska Cesta, although its frontage is now covered with advertising hoardings at the ground floor and it is easier to get an overall sense of the façade from the other side of the road, beside the Hotel Lev.

As you can discover if you walk down Župančičeva Ulica, and peer through the bushes behind the petrol station there, or behind the building housing the sewing machine servicing centre next-door (from where a path seems to have been made by those now squatting the building), this is a very large building, about the length of an average block in this district. In other cities, it would be unremarkable if such a building were protected as part of the 'cultural heritage' and perhaps turned into a gallery, or a museum; but, as Ljubljana's developers know, at a certain point heritage stands in the way of capital. Certainly, at times, the conservation of the old simply because it's old



Kolizej / Kolizej, 2010

tako nadaljuje, spremlja pa jo večkrat slišani argument, da njihova prenova ne prinaša le neznatnih finančnih donosov nosilcem projektov, pač pa koristi vsem, saj ustvarja bolj konkurenčen in ustrezno preurejen urbani prostor.

Ker je ta argument prejkone voda na mlin Ljubljčanom, ki se jim pretirano kopičenje kulturne dediščine zdi preveč konservativno, bi moral lastnik stavbe brez zapletov pridobiti dovoljenje za njeno rušenje. Nekaj pobud za zaščito stavbe na nacionalni ravni je že bilo vloženih, vendar Jankovičev dinamizem pomeni, da če on podpre načrt, ga bo tudi izpeljal.

Podli poskusi, da se ustvari dinamična, sodobna »podo-ba« mesta z novo arhitekturo, so pravzaprav prisotni po vsej Evropi, v večjih mestih pa so to naloge prevzele nase



seems rather to forget the needs of those still alive (not yet dead), and Ljubljana has already designated large parts of its central core as heritage areas, even beyond the Old Town. But the main objection to Kolizej – which, by all accounts, was a perfectly functional and even decoratively interesting building inside – is that there is already quite enough protected heritage to keep the tourists happy, and that without new buildings, of whatever type, for whatever purpose, there can be no generation of capital returns. (Needless to say, the current informal occupation of the building by squatters is never represented as a potentially positive use of a space that has been left to decay by public and private interests; and it is easy to associate squatting with other forms of nefarious illegality and thus condemn the squatters, rather than the owners or the planners, for the state of the building.) The ‘primitive accumulation’ of formerly public or state-owned buildings continues, therefore, accompanied by the often-heard argument that their rebirth as something new brings, alongside immense financial returns for their developers, benefits for all, from a more competitive and more suitably adapted urban framework.

Since this argument seems to go well with Ljubljanačans, who similarly see the excessive hoarding of cultural heritage as too conservative, it should be easy for the owner of the building to get the permission that he seeks to demolish the building. There were some moves to protect the building at a national level, but the dynamism of the current mayor means that if a plan finds his favour it will be driven through.

celo občine. Nenavadno pa je, da se v Ljubljani takšna podoba običajno ne uporabi za predstavitev mesta potencialnim turistom, ki jim ne preostane drugega kot Plečnik in Ljubljanski grad. Kljub vstopu Slovenije v šengensko območje ostaja ta s stališča trgovanja še vedno dokaj zaprta: v slovensko gospodarstvo še vedno v glavnem vlagajo slovenska podjetja, katerih dotok iz okoliških regij je v primerjavi z drugimi državami neznaten. Enako velja tudi za podobo države, ki je, kot se zdi, pretežno usmerjena v slovenske poslovne interese in je zato ujeta v slepo ulico: to je značilen odraz postsocialističnih, javno-zasebnih odnosov, kjer se je večina javnih organov brez zadržkov sprijaznila z dejstvom, da je njihova glavna naloga zdaj le še prepričati zasebnike, da vse poteka v pravi smeri. Vendar pa je uspeh tega prizadevanja navsezadnje odvisen prav od podobe, ki jo ustvarjajo kapitalski dobički.

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Moja pustolovščina zunaj mestnega središča je bila precej kratka, omejena na razdaljo, ki sem jo lahko prehodil ali dosegel z javnim prevozom, ne vedoč, kam sem namenjen. Najdaljša pot me je zanesla v Fužine, ki sem jih poznal kot kraj, v katerega je postavljeno dogajanje v knjigi *Čefurji raus* Gorana Vojnovića. To je zgodba o diskriminaciji in brutalnosti, ki jo policisti izvajajo proti državljanom nekdanjih jugoslovanskih republik, živečih v Sloveniji. Slišal sem tudi druge zgodbe o izključevanju in izkoriščanju gradbenih delavcev iz Bosne in Hercegovine ter Hrvaške, ki živijo v kontejnerjih in jih po končanem delu brez plačila

The slavish focus on creating a dynamic, contemporary ‘image’ for the city, through new architecture, is one that’s ubiquitous across Europe, and in the capital cities it’s become a municipal duty. What’s peculiar about Ljubljana is that this image is generally not recycled for presentation to potential tourists, who still make do on the diet of Plečnik and Ljubljanski Grad. Even after entry into the Schengen area, Slovenia remains quite closed in terms of commerce: most of the investment in the Slovenian economy comes from Slovenian companies, with very little, comparatively, flowing in from the surrounding region. And so with the image, which seems directed mainly toward Slovenian business interests, and so is strangely circular: a particular expression of a post-socialist, public-private relationship in which the public authorities willingly accept that their main role is now to persuade private capital that everything is going well, a feat manageable only with reference to the image constructed from capital’s own beneficent achievements.

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My forays out from the centre of the town were necessarily quite short, based on a distance I could cover on foot and on public transport without really knowing where I was going. My longest trip took me first to Fužine, which I knew of as the setting of Goran Vojnovič’s book *Čefurji Raus*, a story of discrimination and police brutality against nationals of the former Yugoslav republics now living in Slovenia. I heard stories of other exclusions and exploitations: of construction workers from Bosnia and Croatia

deportirajo nazaj domov ter jim s tem onemogočijo, da bi tako ali drugače iztržili zasluženi denar. Gradbeni razcvet je bil vedno odvisen prav od gradbenih delavcev: velemešta na Kitajskem gradijo pretežno ilegalni priseljenci; tudi na Irskem so mnogi delavci iz držav pristopnic v EU, še tik pred spektakularnim zdrsom države v skorajšnji bankrot, trpeli izkoriščanje (kmalu zatem so irski emigranti poročali, da so na gradbiščih na Poljskem videli table, ki so jih odvrčale od dela tam; nenavadne table z nekakšnim evropskih pridihom, ki spominjajo na tiste, izobešene v nizkocevnih prenočiščih v Angliji: »Nočemo črncev in Ircev!«).



Pot spominov in tovarištva /  
Path of Remembrance and  
Comradeship, 2010

Delavci, nameščeni v bivalnih kontejnerjih, ne živijo v Fužinah, območju, kjer se že od nekdaj razprostirajo visoke stolpnice v socialističnem slogu (ki jim danes nemara celo raste vrednost na ljubljanskem nepremičninskem trgu). Gradbeni standardi so bili tukaj v splošnem višji kot v drugih nekdanjih socialističnih državah, kriteriji za določanje velikosti prostora, ki naj bi ga družina potrebovala, pa nedvomno bolj velikodušni od tistih, ki veljajo pri gradnji novih »luksuznih« stanovanj. Vendar pa v Fužine nisem odšel zaradi stolpnice, pač pa, da bi se priključil delu *Poti spominov in tovarištva*, obroču okoli mesta, ki je bil na

living in containers, going unpaid for their work and then being deported once their jobs were completed, with no means of pursuing the money owed to them. Construction booms have always depended on this kind of labour: the building of the megacities of China is almost exclusively carried out by illegal internal migrants; and in Ireland, before its spectacular tailspin into near-bankruptcy, many workers from EU accession states were similarly exploited (and consequently, Irish emigrants have reported seeing signs on construction sites in Poland informing them that they need not apply, a strange, EU-era echo, with a different inflection, of the signs once displayed in cheap accommodation in England: “No Blacks, No Irish”).

But the container-dwellers do not live in Fužine, a long-established area of socialist-era tower blocks (and apparently now starting to gain value in Ljubljana’s property market). The standards of construction in these blocks were generally higher than in some other former socialist countries, and certainly the criteria they employed for calculating the amount of space that a family needed are more generous than those used in constructing new ‘luxury’ apartments. And I travelled to Fužine not to see the tower blocks, but to join part of the Pot spominov in tovarištva (Path of Remembrance and Comradeship), a ring around the city that somehow prefigures the centrifugal pull of today’s orbital motorway. The path marks the route of the barbed wire fence that the Italians rolled out around the city after their invasion in 1941, to cut the partisans in Ljubljana off from their supply sources and to prevent their participation in acts of sabotage elsewhere in the country.

neki način predhodnica današnji krožni obvoznici. Pot teče po liniji, kjer je bila nekoč bodičasta žica, ki so jo Italijani speljali okoli mesta po invaziji leta 1941, da bi partizanom v Ljubljani onemogočili oskrbo z viri in sodelovanje pri sabotaži drugod v državi.

To je triintrideset kilometrov dolga krožna pot, ki preči zelene površine, jugovzhodno od mesta pa se strmo dviga čez Golovec. S postajališča na koncu avtobusne linije 20 pelje mimo psihiatrične bolnišnice nasproti Fužinskega gradu; tudi duševni bolniki so očitno potisnjeni na obrobje mesta.<sup>8</sup> Nato prečka Ljubljanico in čez kakšen kilometer preči koruzna polja in pasove obdelovalnih zemljišč, kmalu za Litijsko cesto pa se začne vzpenjati na Golovec. Za razliko od drugih vzponov, ki se dvigajo postopoma in krivijo in so za pohodnika nekoliko lažji, ta pot, ki se strogo oklepa smeri bodičaste žice, ni bila nikdar predvidena za popoldanski sprostitveni sprehod.

Jeseni lahko med vzpenjanjem med drevesi tu in tam zagledaš naključne mimoidoče, ki kakih trideset metrov nižje od glavne poti stikajo po podrastju. Sprva, ko se dvignejo nad grmičjem, so videti rahlo zmedeni, vendar kmalu ugotoviš, da je v Sloveniji iskanje gob ali kostanja zelo priljubljeno razvedrilo in da domala vsak ve, kje in kdaj iskati. Ne mine dolgo, že se spotakneš ob neužitno gobo,

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<sup>8</sup> Spomnil sem se – kar sicer glede na moje početje ni nič neobičajnega – na angleškega romantičnega pesnika in človeka, ki je prehodil ogromne razdalje, Johna Clareja. Ta je večji del zadnjih dvajsetih let svojega življenja preživel v esšeški sirotišnici, iz kate-re je bil izpuščen leta 1841 in od koder je prehodil 128 kilometrov dolgo pot domov v Northamptonshire.

The path is a 33 km ring that for the most part runs through green spaces, but in the south-east of the city the hills of Golovec make for steep walking. From the bus stop at the end of route 20, the path passes the psychiatric hospital opposite Fužine castle; the mad are also exported to the outskirts of the city.<sup>8</sup> It then crosses the Ljubljana and for about a kilometre it makes an easy route through cornfields and strips of other arable land. Once it crosses Litijska Cesta, however, it begins its climb up Golovec. Unlike other walks, which ease the traveller up the slopes on gentle, zig-zagging gradients, the path sticks to the route of the barbed wire – a route that was never intended as an easy afternoon jaunt.

In the autumn, as one climbs through the trees, one occasionally catches sight of someone trampling through the undergrowth 30 or so metres from the path. At first, these figures emerging from the bushes appear somewhat disconcerting but one quickly realises that foraging, for mushrooms or chestnuts, is a popular pastime in Slovenia, and that almost everyone has some knowledge of where and when to look, and what for. Before long, you'll stumble upon the inedible fungi that the foragers leave be: large plate fungi and colourful toadstools, as well as other more exotic forms.

From the wooded heights of Golovec one rarely catches

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<sup>8</sup> I thought, perhaps inevitably, given what I was occupied in doing, of the English Romantic poet and walker of great distances, John Clare, who spent most of the last 20 years of his life in an asylum. In 1841 Clare left his asylum in Essex and walked the 80 miles back to his home in Northamptonshire.

ki jo gobarji pustijo pri miru: tukaj rastejo gobe s široki-mi klobuki, barvne mušnice pa tudi druge, nekoliko bolj eksotičnih oblik.

Goste krošnje kostanjev na gozdnatih vzpetinah Golovca zastirajo pogled na mesto; polja, ki jih prehodiš pred vzponom, so od tu podobna ostalim obdelovalnim površinam osrednjega pasu Slovenije. Zdi se, kot bi bil kilometre stran od kakšnega velemesta. Tu in tam na poti naletiš na odklesan steber ali klop, ki nakazuje, da je tam nekoč stal razgledni stolp ali kakšna druga utrdba.

Pot čez Golovec je vijugasta in razgibana, preden se dokončno začne spuščati. Na vrhu sem začel razmišljati o »opuščenem« projektu pristnega »javnega« urbanizma, ki mu meščani tako strogo nasprotujejo, in o »novem« urbanizmu v BTC-ju, ki je njegovo čisto nasprotje in ki si ga mesto tako močno prizadeva spet spraviti na noge in vsrkati vase; razmišljal sem o sledeh ruralnega, ki v rednih presledkih prekinja mesto. V mislih nimam le mnogih nenadnih parcel v Trnovem, kjer sem bival, pač pa tudi postopno depopulacijo mestnega jedra, beg na obrobje in v satelitska mesta ter »suburbanizacijo« mesta, ki iz tega izhaja. David Harvey govori o postopni, korporativni suburbanizaciji, ki se dogaja v središčih veliko večjih mest, kot je New York. Gre za proces, katerega cilj je izničiti vse razlike in odstopanja v prostoru, ga poenotiti, narediti povsod uporabnega za iste namene in prilagoditi potrošnji.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> Glej Harveyjev pred kratkim objavljen pripevek k dogodku »Experimental geography (Poskusna geografija)«, ki se je odvijal v New Yorku. Prispevek je dostopen na <http://davidharvey.org/2010/07/fast-company-magazine-david-harveys-urban->



a glimpse of the city through the chestnut trees; and indeed the fields that one passed through before starting the climb were like those anywhere in the arable central belt of Slovenia. One could easily imagine oneself to be many miles from a town of any significant size. Every so often the walk is punctuated by a carved column, or a bench, perhaps marking a clearing where an observation tower or other fortification stood.

The route over Golovec is convoluted, climbing and dipping several times before it finally starts to descend. At the top of the hill I started to think about the ‘forsaken’ project of genuinely ‘public’ urbanism whose renunciation I felt so keenly in the city, and the ‘new’ urbanism of BTC, that stood so directly opposed to it, and which the city tried so hard to recuperate or absorb; and also about the traces of the rural that seemed so regularly to interrupt the city, not just in terms of the many unexpected allotments in the Trnovo district where I was staying, but also in terms of the gradual depopulation of the inner city, the flight to the suburbs and satellite towns, and the resulting ‘suburbanisation’ of the city itself. David Harvey has spoken about the creeping, corporate suburbanisation taking place in the centre of even great cities like New York, a process designed to flatten the differences and irregularities of space and make it all even, all equally consumable, and fit for the task of consuming.<sup>9</sup> While in Ljubljana I spoke with

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<sup>9</sup> See Harvey’s recent contribution to an ‘Experimental Geography’ event in New York, available at <http://davidharvey.org/2010/07/fast-company-magazine-david-harveys-urban-manifesto/>; and see his article “The Right to the City” (2008), *New Left Review* 53,

Med bivanjem v Ljubljani sem se pogovarjal z akademikom in urbanistom Matjažem Uršičem, ki je veliko pisal o »protiurbanih« vrednotah, ki so trenutno v porastu v Ljubljani in ki odražajo nasprotovanje krajem alternativne kulture, kot sta Metelkova ali nekdanja tovarna Rog na Trubarjevi cesti, vse bolj pa tudi nestrpnost do razlik ali drugačnosti.<sup>10</sup> Ljubljancani so na splošno zadovoljni z gentrifikacijo predelov, ki so nosilci teh razlik, saj – kot gre sklepati – očitno ne želijo živeti v »mestu«. Večina Slovencev, ki jih je anketiral Uršič med svojo raziskavo – več kot 75 odstotkov –, je priznala, da bi najraje živela na podeželju; samo trije odstotki vprašanih so zadovoljni z življenjem v Ljubljani.

Zamislil sem si nastanek novega urbanega gibanja, ki bo postavilo nove temelje urbanosti zunaj mesta, morda na Golovcu. Če urbanost predpostavlja skupni prostor, skupno odločanje in soobstoj razlik ter če gre pri tem primarno za mreže odnosov, in ne toliko za fizičnost grajenega okolja in obstoj centraliziranih prodajnih območij, potem bi danes urbana skupnost lahko obstajala kjerkoli. Nema-

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manifesto/; glej tudi njegov članek »*The Right to the City*«, v: *New Left Review* 53, 2008, dostopen na <http://www.newleftreview.org/?view=2740>.

- 10 Glej na primer Uršič »*New localism*« in *Slovenia – Management of Cultural Diversity or Fear of Globalisation?* (»*Novi lokalizem*« v Sloveniji – upravljanje kulturne raznovrstnosti ali strah pred globalizacijo?), prispevek EURODIV 74. 2010, dostopno na <http://www.susdiv.org/uploadfiles/ED2009-074.pdf>; glej tudi Marjan Hočevár, Matjaž Uršič, Drago Kos in Franc Trček, *Changing of the Slovene Urban System: Specific Socio-Spatial Trends and Antiurban Public Values / Attitudes*, v: Frank Eckardt, ur., *Paths of Urban Transformation*. Peter Lang, Frankfurt, London & New York, 2005.

the academic and urban theorist Matjaž Uršič, who has written extensively about the ‘anti-urban’ sentiment that he sees growing in Ljubljana now, directed primarily against the sites of alternative culture, such as Metelkova, or the former Rog factory on Trubarjeva Cesta, but increasingly against any signs of difference or non-uniformity also.<sup>10</sup> Ljubljancans are generally happy with the gentrification of these sites of difference, since they don’t want to live in the ‘city’, as one might understand it, in the first place. The majority of Slovenes polled by Uršič in the course of his research – over 75 % - said that they would most like to live in a rural setting of some kind; only 3 % wanted to live in Ljubljana.

I started to imagine a new urban movement reconstructing the basics of urbanity outside the city, perhaps here on Golovec; if urbanity presupposes shared space, communal decision-making and the co-existence of difference, if it is primarily about the networks of relations rather than the physicality of the built environment, and the existence of centralised spaces for trade, then an urban community could exist anywhere, these days. Perhaps the huge sar-

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available online at <http://www.newleftreview.org/?view=2740>.

10 See for example Uršič (2010) “New localism” in Slovenia – Management of Cultural Diversity or Fear of Globalisation?, EURODIV paper 74.2010, available at <http://www.susdiv.org/uploadfiles/ED2009-074.pdf>; see also Marjan Hočevar, Matjaž Uršič, Drago Kos and Franc Trček (2005) ‘Changing of the Slovene Urban System: Specific Socio-Spatial Trends and Antiurban Public Values / Attitudes’, in Frank Eckardt, ed., *Paths of Urban Transformation* (Frankfurt, London & New York: Peter Lang).

ra ogromni sarkofagi starih mest in protiarhitektura malo-prodajnih centrov presegajo te zahteve. Predstavljal sem si množico, ki se zgrinja v BTC po nakupih in se založena odpelje nazaj v svoje nove domove, kar samo na sebi ni nekakšna primitivna dejavnost, pač pa prej taka, pri kateri je »forma podrejena funkciji«. Skratka, gre za urbanizem, ki je v sodobnem mestu bolj ali manj nezakonit. Od tod me je misel napeljala k arheološki prihodnosti BTC-ja: k malo-prodajnemu parku kot urbani obliki, ki bo v prihodnje zrasla iz lastnih ruševin. Nemara, sem pomislil, bo tudi BTC nekoč »območje dediščine«. Njegova prvotna zasnova, stara skladišča blaga, ohranjena za namene vzgajanja bodočih nakupovalcev.

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Pot z Golovca se proti koncu priključi širši poti, ki na-posled pripelje na Dolenjsko cesto. Kmalu potem ko sem stopil na cesto, po kateri poteka gost promet in se razpro-stira po območju, ki obeležuje partizanski odpor, sem na pročelju stavbe na nasprotni strani ceste zagledal veliko plastificirano tablo. Na njej je v belih obrisih na črni pod-lagi natisnjena podoba delavca z golim zgornjim delom te-lesa, ki s kladivom zamahne proti srpu na nakovalu pred njim. Čeprav so takšno podobje uporabljali tako fašisti kot komunisti v dvajsetem stoletju, sta tako srp kakor tudi simbol zobatega kolesa, ki je uokvirjal delavca in ki ga je pogosto uporabljal Mussolini, prej nakazovala na ne-kakšen mysticizem in tradicionalizem, značilen za fašizem. Da človek ne bi zašel v dvome, je ob podobi pripis: »*Delo*

cophagi of the old cities, and the anti-architecture of the retail centres, are both surplus to requirements. I imagined a community making raids to BTC for supplies that they could bring back to their new settlement, which in turn would not be a primitive enterprise but one in which ‘form followed function’, an urbanism now more or less illegal in the contemporary city. As I contemplated this I started to think of the future archaeology of BTC: of the retail park as an urban form that would be reconstructed from its ruins in centuries to come. Perhaps, I thought, there might one day be a ‘heritage core’ at BTC, the original phase, the old haulage warehouses, preserved for the edification of future shoppers.

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From the Golovec one emerges onto a broader path that leads out to Dolenjska Cesta. Almost immediately as I stepped out onto the busy roadway, emerging from this space that celebrates the resistance of the partisans, I found myself staring at a large plastic sign that had been fixed to the outside of a house on the other side of the street. White on black, the sign shows an outline image of a bare-chested worker raising his lump hammer behind his head, to beat the sword that rests on the anvil in front of him. Although this kind of imagery was used by both fascists and communists in the twentieth century, the presence of the sword suggested the mythicism and traditionalism that appealed more to fascism, as did the machine cog in which the worker is framed, a symbol used often by Mussolini.



Stanovanjski blok / Apartement Block, 2010

*osvobaja*« ali, kakor pravi znana fraza, »*Arbeit Macht Frei*«. V Nemčiji bi bilo prikazovanje takega znaka najverjetneje prepovedano. Predstavljal sem si, da je v tem primeru šlo nemara za načrtno provokacijo, povezano z delom umetniškega kolektiva Neue Slowenische Kunst ali njegovega odvoda, industrijske glasbene skupine Laibach iz osemdesetih let minulega stoletja. Tabla se zdi kot namenoma postavljena na to mesto, da bi nepričakovano pritegnila pozornost takih, ki se kot jaz vestno in marljivo poskušajo pokloniti spominu in prijateljstvu.<sup>11</sup>

<sup>11</sup> Fraza me je spomnila volilnih plakatov Zorana Jankovića z enobesednim sloganom – *DELA!*, ki močno odstopa od običajne volilne kampanje. Še preden sem sploh izvedel za volitve, sem opazoval po mestu posejane plakate nasmejanih obrazov, ki so izžarevali zaupanje in zanesljivost, in naposled sklenil, da to ne

If I had been in any doubt, the text above helped to clarify things: ‘Delo Osvojaja’ – ‘Work Makes You Free’, or as it was most famously put, ‘Arbeit Macht Frei’. In Germany the display of such a sign would probably be illegal. I imagined that here, it was probably simply an elaborate provocation connected with the work of the art collective Neue Slowenische Kunst, or their offshoot, the 1980s industrial band Laibach. The siting of the sign seemed designed to catch people like me unawares, as they strode from making their dutiful and arduous obeisance to remembrance and comradeship.<sup>11</sup>

The bus from Dolenjska brought me back into town, and past the end of Roška Cesta, which runs behind the southern slope of the Castle Hill. I had walked from the Castle to Roška a few days earlier, and again had seen a strange sight as I came out onto the street from the woods. Looking over the street, nestled against the trees, was a very new and very expensively built apartment complex, a finely balanced alternating grid of volumes, white stone walls interrupted by large ceiling-to-floor windows, and buttressed at the corners with a rougher, dark limestone; the finish and detail on the building seemed very fine, and the gently curving façade of the building, sitting maybe five

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11 The phrase also put me in mind of the election posters, with their single-word slogan – *DELA!* – which means ‘he works!’ These posters are very different to the usual election poster. Before I even knew that there were elections taking place, I looked at the billboards of smiling, trustworthy, dependable faces around the city and decided that they could be nothing other than election posters, that the only product these models were trying to advertise was themselves.

Avtobus me je z Dolenjske ceste, mimo Roške ceste, ki teče za južnim pobočjem grajskega griča, pripeljal nazaj v mesto. Tudi nekaj dni poprej, ko sem se sprehodil od gradu do Roške ceste, se mi je, kmalu potem ko sem stopil iz gozda na cesto, razprl nenavaden pogled. Na drugi strani ceste, ki se razpreda med drevesi, sem opazil nov in zelo dragocen stanovanjski objekt, s skrbno urejeno mrežo izmenjujočih se gmot, belih kamnitih sten, ki jih prekinjajo široka, od stropa do tal segajoča okna in ki so na vogalih okrepljene z nekoliko bolj grobim in temnejšim apnencem; zaključki in detajli so nadvse elegantni, rahlo upognjeno pročelje, ki se dviga kakih pet metrov nad cesto, pa daje občutek, kot da celotno okolje s stavbo vred stoji na griču v Hollywoodu. Zadaj je objekt ograjen z betonsko cvetlično gredo. Že bežen prelet imen na hišnih zvoncih mi je dal vedeti, da v tej prestižni stavbi živita le dva ali trije stanovalci.

Pomislil sem, da je tudi to primer arhitekturnega prece-njevanja. Prejšnji objekt je bil porušen v skladu z zakoni, ki omogočajo ponovno gradnjo objekta na že obstoječem tlorisu in v isti višini; območje, ki leži neposredno ob vznožju grajskega griča, urejajo razni predpisi, ki zagotavljajo varstvo naravne dediščine mesta. A nova stavba se ne ujema s tlorisom njene predhodnice, stanovanja v njej pa so očitno predraga za najem. Tako ždi zdaj skoraj povsem osamljena veličastna ruševina prihodnosti.

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more biti nič drugega kot volilna kampanja, s katero upodobljeni delajo reklamo samim sebi.



metres above the street below, gave the whole thing the air of being perched on a hill in Hollywood. At the rear of the building, flower beds are edged with shuttered concrete. A cursory examination of the names by the doorbells revealed that there were only two or three occupants in whole of this very prestigious development.

I found out that this too was an example of the hubris of architecture. The pre-existing structure had been cleared away in accordance with laws that allow for the rebuilding of a house within the same footprint and to the same level; the site, directly at the foot of the Castle Hill, is one that is covered by various ordinances concerning conservation of the natural heritage of the city. The new building corresponds in no way to the footprint of the old, and the apartments within it are also apparently too expensive to let, so it now sits nearly empty, a spectacular ruin of the future.

My mind, already enlivened by the thoughts I'd been having at the top of Golovec, turned to some other buildings I'd recently seen: shacks on the Roznik hills which were apparently occupied, and a large dilapidated neo-baroque house, its yellow render crumbling away, that emerged from the woods there, but which was also inhabited, partly boarded up and partly decorated with colourful found objects. It seemed to me that many buildings are built simply because it seems shameful for them not to exist.

Že ves prevzet od razmišljanja na vrhu Golovca, sem se spomnil še drugih stavb, ki sem jih videl pred kratkim: to so bile lesene hišice na Rožniku, ki so očitno naseljene, in velika propadajoča neobaročna hiša s krušljivim rumenim ometom, ki se dviga izza gozda za njo in ki je polna barvnih najdenih predmetov, ki obdajajo in krasijo tudi njeno zunanost. Dobil sem občutek, da se mnoge stavbe gradijo samo zato, ker bi bilo sramotno, če ne bi obstajale.

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Med potepanjem po Ljubljani in njeni okolici sem spoznal, da grajeno okolje mesta vselej razkriva dominantne ideologije, ki sooblikujejo ideje o urbanem življenju tako v modernističnih zgradbah socialistične dobe kakor tudi v bombastični igri današnjega »kreativnega mesta«. Denis Hollier v komentarju k arhitekturnim zapisom Georgea Batailla pravi, da arhitektura *»reprezentira vero, ki jo ohranja pri življenju, politično moč, ki jo manifestira, dogodek, na katerega spominja, itn. Arhitektura je – predvsem – identična prostoru reprezentacije; vselej reprezentira nekaj drugega od same sebe, in to od trenutka, ko jo je mogoče razločiti od preproste stavbe.«*<sup>12</sup>

Danes, ko ikonična urbana arhitektura predstavlja skrajno prilagodljivo ideologijo finančnega kapitala, individualizacije in potrošnje, se mora arhitektura nenehno posodabljati, biti mora vse bolj zapletena, da lahko zaznamo njeno svojevrstno ponavljanje in da mesta, ki jih taka

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<sup>12</sup> Hollier, 1992, str. 31.

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During my time wandering in and around Ljubljana I came to see the built environment of the city, at any time, as revealing the dominant ideologies shaping ideas of urban life, as much in the Modernist buildings of the socialist era as in the bombastic play of today's 'creative city'. Denis Hollier, commenting on the architectural writings of Georges Bataille, says that architecture "represents a religion that it brings alive, a political power that it manifests, an event that it commemorates, etc. Architecture, before any other qualifications, is identical to the space of representation; it always represents something other than itself from the moment that it becomes distinguished from mere building."<sup>12</sup>

Today that something that is represented by iconic urban architecture is the infinitely flexible ideology of finance capital, individualisation and consumption. Architecture must be ever more novel, ever more complex, in order for its individual iterations to stand out and for the cities that they 'regenerate' to gain a momentary competitive advantage, before the next, even stranger and more unbelievable, implausibly engineered masterpiece comes along. But this is the problem: capitalism's inherent vampirism, its need to deplete and exhaust its host before it moves on to seek new surpluses, and new ways to reinvest them.<sup>13</sup> So just as it proclaims so loudly the glory and

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<sup>12</sup> Hollier (1992) p. 31.

<sup>13</sup> I'm indebted to Benedict Seymour (and Karl Marx) for the 'vam-

arhitektura »prenovi«, pridobijo začasno konkurenčno prednost, dokler jih ne izpodrine nova mojstrovina še bolj nenavadnih, posebnih in naravnost neverjetnih oblik. In prav v tem tiči problem: v vampirizmu, ki je inherenten kapitalizmu, njegovi potrebi po izčrpanju in iztrošenju svojega gostitelja, preden najde nove presežke in načine za njihovo nadaljnjo investicijo.<sup>13</sup> Tako arhitektura kljub glasni razglasitvi zmagoslavne in nujno potrebne svobode hkrati vselej zatira in posledično ponovno vzpostavlja mrtvaškost, ki jo prinaša s seboj kapitalistični razvoj, in tisti odbijajoči vonj po smrti, ki se razlega po nenehno prenavljajočem se mestu. Nanj nenehno pripenjajo nove ude, ki nekaj časa migajo, včasih pa jim spodleti. A celega trupla mrtveca ni več mogoče oživiti.

Novodobno mesto je prostor konstantne izgradnje (industrijske enote se spreminjajo v muzeje), komodifikacije in izmenjave znanj, je prostor čiste kreativnosti. Ta ima tudi svojo temno plat, ki se danes ne kaže več v celodnevnem garanju v umazanih, zdravju škodljivih tovarnah, ampak v fleksibilnosti, negotovem delu in na splošno v vseh vidikih življenja. Državljana zvaja na »razpoložljivi« vir, ki je vedno pripravljen delati in je povsem nadomestljiv z drugo, cenejšo delovno silo, ki je v danem trenutku pripravljena delati. Čistoča novih mest pravzaprav predstavlja sterilnost in snažnost mrtvega trupla.

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13 Zahvaljujem se Benedictu Seymourju (in Karlu Marxu) za »vampirično« pojmovanje prenove-kapitalizma. Glej Ben Seymour, »*Shoreditch and the Creative Destruction of the Inner City*«, v: Variant, letn. 2, št. 34, 2009, str. 32–34, dostopno na <http://www.variant.org.uk/pdfs/issue34/shoreditch34.pdf>.



Zasebna hiša na Rožniku / Private House on Rožnik Hill, 2010

necessity of the present dispensation, architecture is always a repression, and hence a restatement, of the deathliness that comes with capitalist development, of the stench of death around the perpetually-regenerating city. New limbs are stitched on and flail for a while, or sometimes they fail to animate. But the cadaver as a whole cannot be resurrected.

The new image of the city is of a space of constant edification (as the industrial units become museums), of the commodification and exchange of knowledge, of clean,

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piric' conception of regeneration-capitalism. See Ben Seymour (2009) 'Shoreditch and the Creative Destruction of the Inner City', *Variant* vol. 2, no. 34, pp. 32–34, available online at <http://www.variant.org.uk/pdfs/issue34/shoreditch34.pdf>.



Lopa na Rožniku / Shack on Rožnik Hill, 2010

Hollier govori tudi o Bataillevi teoriji *dépense*, ki dobesedno pomeni »izdatek«, vendar jo sam pojasni kot teorijo zapravljanja:

*»To je pravzaprav teorija o potrebi po zapravljanju, in ne toliko teorija o zapravljanju v ožjem pomenu besede. Nastala je kot odziv na potrebo po prepričanju, da obstajajo čisto zapravljanje in razlika med zapravljanjem in končno porabo, da obstajajo zapravljeni čas, odlagališča odpadkov, neproduktivni izdatki, stvari, ki jih nikoli ne preboliš, grehi, ki jih ni mogoče odkupiti, smeti, ki jih ni mogoče reciklirati.«<sup>14</sup>*

<sup>14</sup> Hollier, 1992, str. xiv.

creative work. But the dark side of the city is always there, and today, it is not the life-sapping hours of labour in dirty, unwholesome factories, but the flexibilisation, the casualisation of work, and of every aspect of life, the rendering of the citizen as an ever-ready, instantly available ‘resource’ whose labour can be replaced in a moment when it more cheaply or conveniently available elsewhere. The cleanliness of the new city is the sterility, the cleanliness of the corpse.

Hollier talks also of Bataille’s theory of the *dépense*, which literally just means ‘expenditure’, but which Hollier explains is really a theory of waste:

This is primarily a theory of the need for loss rather than a theory of loss strictly speaking. It responds to the need to believe that there is a pure loss, that there is a difference between consuming and consummation, that there is a lost time and there are waste lands, unproductive expenditures, things one never gets over, sins that cannot be redeemed, garbage that cannot be recycled.<sup>14</sup>

Bataille’s point is that the acceptance of this waste, the inevitability of ‘unproductive expenditure’, is the first step in removing oneself from capitalism’s bureaucratic processing of all human time and endeavour, the prerequisite for the formation of a different sociability and subjectivity in the city.

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<sup>14</sup> Hollier (1992) p. xiv.

Bataille trdi, da je sprijaznjenje s temi odpadki, z neizogibnostjo »neproduktivnih izdatkov«, prvi korak k razvezi od kapitalističnega birokratskega zapravljanja človekovega časa in prizadevanja, je nekakšen predpogoj za oblikovanje drugačne družabnosti in subjektivnosti znotraj mesta.

V podobnem smislu je tudi Jeremy Till citiral Petra Guthrieja: »*Arhitektura, to so le prehodni odpadki.*«<sup>15</sup> Till ponudi različna razumevanja časa, ki presegajo poenoteno, neusmiljeno zaznavanje časa v kapitalizmu: to so »časovne površine« Roberta Smithsona, zgoščeni čas, historični čas, ciklični čas, nenaseljeni čas, današnji čas, neproduktivni čas. Arhitekti, trdi Till, si prizadevajo, da bi zanikali tako čas kot entropijo, hkrati pa tudi njegov neizbežni produkt: odpadek.

Spomnil sem se dela Marjetice Potrč, ki zagovarja arhitekturo, izhajajočo iz nuje, trdovratno, krajevno arhitekturo za potrebe preživetja, v kateri najdemo naključja, prilagodljivost, razpadanje in spremembe, in ne zblaznelo arhitekturo, ki poskuša za vselej uokviriti prostor in čas in ki gradi večne spomenike v čast sedanjosti.

Med bivanjem v Ljubljani sem spoznal Uršo Jurman in Polonco Lovšin, udeleženki v projektu *Onkraj gradbišča*, ki se je začel avgusta 2010 v sklopu festivala zelenih prostorov mesta.<sup>16</sup> Projekt je prerastel okvirje festivala in zdaj predstavlja zanimivo iztočnico za razmišljanje o pogojih sodobnega mesta.

<sup>15</sup> Till, 2009, str. 67.

<sup>16</sup> Za informacije o izvoru projekta in dokumentaciji umetniške akcije Lovšinove z naslovom *Dan s kozo* glej <http://www.bunker.si/eng/archives/916>.



In a similar vein, Jeremy Till quotes Peter Guthrie: “All architecture is but waste in transit”.<sup>15</sup> Till invokes multiple understandings of time, beyond the even, relentless clock time of capitalism: Robert Smithson’s ‘temporal surfaces’, thick time, historical time, cyclical time, uninhabited time, this time, unproductive time. Architects, says Till, strive to deny both time, and entropy, and its inevitable product: waste.

I’m reminded of the work of Marjetica Potrč, with its insistence on the architecture of necessity, the stubborn, vernacular architecture of survival, in which is to be found contingency, adaptability, decay and change, rather than the crazy attempt to fix space and time forever, and to build everlasting monuments to the greatness of the present moment.

While I was in Ljubljana I was introduced to the artists Urša Jurman and Polonca Lovšin, two of the participants in the project *Beyond The Construction Site*, which was initiated in August 2010 as part of a festival of green spaces in the city.<sup>16</sup> The project has outlived the festival and is now an intriguing point of departure for contemplation of the condition of the contemporary city.

The project occupies a plot of land just south of the railway station, on Resljeva Cesta. The plot was supposed to be developed but once again there was some confusion between the municipality and the putative private owners

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<sup>15</sup> Till (2009) p. 67.

<sup>16</sup> For some information on the origins of the project and documentation of Lovšin’s performance ‘A Day With A Goat’, go to <http://www.bunker.si/eng/archives/916>.

Projekt poteka na zemljišču južno od železniške postaje, na Resljevi cesti. Za to območje je bila predvidena prenova, vendar je med občino in domnevnimi zasebniki vnovič prišlo do nejasnosti, ali je bilo zemljišče pravilno vpisano v zemljiško knjigo ali ne; zdaj je zemljišče v lasti mesta, ki je dalo zeleno luč projektu. A nejasnost, čigavo je zemljišče, še vedno ostaja nerazrešena, s tem pa tudi nejasnost o tem, koliko časa se bo projekt še lahko nadaljeval.

Projekt je poskus preobrazbe tega območja v zeleno površino za skupno rabo, v prostor, ki bo sprožal vprašanja o položaju takih območij v sodobnih mestih. Gre za strm krater, v katerem so še vidni temelji prejšnje stavbe. Poraščen je z bodičasto rastjo in posut s kršjem. Tamkajšnje rastje je popisano in doslej so tam potekali številni dogodki in predstave.

Gradbišče, luknja v tleh sredi mesta v prenavljanju, praznina ali »negativni prostor«, kot mu pravijo arhitekti, je blamaža. Potrjuje in odraža neizbežnost in celo lepoto odpadkov in propadanja, neproduktivni izdatek. Vse to me spominja na nenavaden film iz leta 1974, ki ga je režiral Marco Ferreri, z naslovom *Touche pas à la femme blanche* (*Ne dotikaj se belke*). Film, v katerem igrata Catherine Deneuve in Marcello Mastroiani, je premestitev bitke pri Malem velikem rogu, »Custerjeve zadnje bitke«, v ogromno luknjo v tleh sredi Pariza, imenovano *trou des Halles*. To je ogromna brazgotina, izkopana, potem ko so leta 1971 zaprli staro tržnico Les Halles. Na njenem mestu naj bi nastalo ogromno podzemno javno prevozno vozlišče, ki pa ni bilo nikoli zgrajeno. Vdolbina je tako globoka, da zdaj spominja na ameriški kanjon, spet drugič pa

over whether it was correctly listed in the register of lands; the city is now the owner, by proxy, of the site, and has allowed the project to go ahead, although there is still confusion as to who ultimately holds the title to the land, and how long the project may continue.

The project itself has materialised as an attempt to turn the site into a shared green space, and a site from which to ask questions about the place of such space in the contemporary site. The site is a steep crater, exposed to the level of the foundations of the building that once stood here, with some brushy growth and a lot of rubble. So far the plants that stand on the site have been catalogued and various public events and performances have taken place here.

The site, a hole in the ground in the regenerating city, a void or ‘negative space’ as architects call them, is almost an impertinence, recognising and embracing, as it does the inevitability and even beauty of waste and decay, of unproductive expenditure. It reminds me of a strange film made in 1974 by Marco Ferreri, *Touche pas à la femme blanche*, or ‘Don’t Touch the White Woman’. The film, starring Catherine Deneuve and Marcello Mastroianni, is a re-location of the Battle of Little Big Horn, ‘Custer’s Last Stand’, to a huge hole in the ground in the centre of Paris, the *trou des Halles*, an enormous scar that was excavated after the old markets of Les Halles closed in 1971. The hole had been intended for a massive underground public transport hub that was never in fact completed. So deep is it that at certain points in the film it is allowed to stand in for an American canyon; but at other times the tall houses of Hausmann’s Paris loom into view (never as tall as the hole

se pogled ujame na pročeljih visokih pariških hiš, ki jih je zasnoval Hausmann (od katerih ni nobena tako visoka, kot je globoka luknja v tleh). Moderna ureditev mesta se kaže skozi celoten film, v katerem lahko razbiramo nevarna in razodevajoča nasprotja zgodbe ameriškega kolonializma devetnajstega stoletja in »razvoja« Evrope dvajsetega stoletja. Še najbolj pa se zdi presenetljivo, da luknja ponazarja vse, kar sodobno mesto zatire, a ne le z izključevanjem zgodovine in politike, pač pa predvsem prek vsakodneвне organizacije življenja po vzoru kapitalizma: luknja skriva v sebi vse, s čimer se je pretežko soočiti – ali če se izrazimo s Freudom, je nekakšen »seks v mestu«.

To me je napeljalo k misli o že omenjenih parcelah v Trnovem, ki je bolj ali manj ohranjen zaselek sredi mesta. Sam od sebe sem pomislil, da so ti urbani vrtovi dokaz nezmožnosti Ljubljane, da bi postala zares urbana; druga mesta nosijo sledi teh vrtov v vzorcih ulic in drevoredov, saj so bili ti že dolgo tega žrtvovani v produktivnejše nameene in so danes iz njih nastala gosto poseljena območja, maloprodajne trgovine itn. Ko sem se, potem ko sem videl projekt *Onkraj gradbišča*, ponovno ozrl po teh parcelah, sem se zavedel, da je njihova vloga pravzaprav drugačna: to niso neproduktivni prostori, saj so skrbno in lepo urejeni in nedvomno tudi dobičkonosni, pač pa se njihova produktivnost kaže drugje. Ti prostori so pravzaprav odraz skrivne želje Ljubljančanov, da bi lahko dobro živeli v tem – na neki način predurbanem – mestu. In vendar je sociabilnost, ki jo širitev prinaša s seboj, še kako pomembna: nihče, ki ima v lasti parcelo, ne porabi celotnega pridelka; odvrže ga ali si ga s kom izmenja. Čas, preživet na parceli, je po

is deep), and all through the film the modern setting of the city is never concealed, leading to awkward and revealing juxtapositions of the story of nineteenth-century American colonialism and twentieth-century European ‘redevelopment’. Most strikingly, however, the hole comes to a signify all that is repressed in the contemporary city, not just via the exclusions of history and politics but ultimately through the daily organisation of life through capitalism: the hole where everything that is too traumatic to confront is inadequately hidden – in Freudian terms, a kind of ‘sex in the city’.

This brought me to consider as well the allotments that I mentioned earlier, in the Trnovo district, which is more or less a preserved village in the middle of the inner city. My instincts had suggested to me that these urban gardens were somehow evidence of Ljubljana’s inability to be urban; other cities bear the traces of these gardens in the patterns of their alleyways and streets, but have long since turned them over to productive use, to dense habitation, retail space, and so on. Looking again at the allotments after I’d visited the Beyond The Construction Site project, I became aware of them existing in a different way: not as non-productive spaces exactly, since they are all neatly ordered and carefully tended and must yield very useful crops; but as differently productive. True, they are evidence of the Ljubljančan’s barely hidden desire to be able to live a subsistence life even in the city, which to an extent is pre-urban. But the sociability that is implied by this act of growing is important: nobody with an allotment eats everything they consume; produce is given away, or swapped

Tillmanu drugačen čas, ki omogoča drugačen način bivanja v skupnem prostoru. Gradbišče na Resljevi cesti in vrtovi v Trnovem so pravo nasprotje prizoriščem novih mest, saj razodevajo način življenja, ki je domala nemogoč v prostoru, ki je povsem razdeljen, izmerjen in namenjen proizvajanju vrednosti – vendar ne uporabne vrednosti, saj je njena uporabnost zgolj ideološka, pač pa preproste menjalne vrednosti, ki je vse bolj pridobitne narave. To sta le dva primera »nezakonitega urbanizma«, ki ga bomo morali v prihodnje obraniti s skupnimi močmi, medtem ko se bomo še naprej zgrinjali v maloprodajne centre na obrobjih mest.

for something that someone else has. And time spent on the allotment is, in Till's terms, another kind of time, giving rise to a different kind of being in common in space. The construction site at Resljeva, and the gardens at Trnovo are exact opposites to the sites of the new city: they declare a way of being that is almost impossible to pursue in a space that is otherwise thoroughly accounted for, divided, measured and made to produce value – not use-value, for its only use is ideological, but simple exchange-value, of an ever more lucrative nature. They are just two examples of the 'illegal urbanism' that we will all have to fight to protect in the times ahead, as we make our foraging trips to the retail centres on outskirts of town.

Daniel Jewesbury

LJUBLJANA

Infantilno mesto, od znotraj – od zunaj / Infantile City, Inside – Outside

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